Family Ties

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/39627663.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham's Father, Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Brian Zeller, Jimmy Price, Freddie Lounds, Francis Dolarhyde
Additional Tags:	Past Abuse, Past Child Abuse, Past Rape/Non-con, Will Graham Has PTSD - Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham Knows, Traumatized Will Graham, Case Fic, Past Sexual Abuse, Will Graham is Bisexual, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Flashbacks, Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Hannibal Lecter is a Softie, only for Will though, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Blow Jobs, Nightmares, Implied/Referenced Underage Prostitution, Parent/Child Incest, Father/Son Incest, Manipulative Hannibal Lecter, but it's for Will's own good I swear, Age Regression/De-Aging, Truth Serum, Implied/Referenced Suicide, Minor Character Death, Age Regressed Will Graham, hypnotherapy
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Hannigram (still working on a title)
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-13 Completed: 2022-07-16 Words: 24,192 Chapters: 10/10

Family Ties

by hannibalsbirthdaycake

Summary

Will is dating Hannibal, Matthew is dead, and he has his dogs. Everything seems to be looking up for Will, but then his father shows up at his door unannounced after they've been estranged for years. He brings along with him Will's painful memories of his childhood and forces him to remember all the things he's tried so hard to forget.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The incessant knocking on Will's front door finally forces him out of bed to answer it, if only to shut the dogs up. He and Hannibal get dressed quickly, not wishing to answer the door in their current state of undress. Will doesn't look out the window before he swings the door open, and seeing who is standing on his porch makes him regret that decision.

His eyes widen and he whispers in disbelief, "Dad?".

"Hey, son. Long time no see, huh?" His father says in greeting. "Can I come in?"

Will pauses for a moment, still in shock at seeing his father for the first time in years.

"Yeah, yeah, come in." Will finally says, moving aside to allow his father into the house.

Hannibal is standing in the living room now, watching the scene play out. He sees the way Will's demeanor changes the instant he sees it's his father. Hannibal had always suspected their relationship was a strained one and he wonders what his father is doing here now.

"Dad this is, my friend Hannibal," Will gestures to his boyfriend. Hannibal notes the fact he does not introduce him as his boyfriend.

Hannibal walks toward the man, taking his hand in his own and shakes it.

"Dr. Hannibal Lecter, and you are?"

"Will Graham, senior." The man replies.

"Hm, I don't think Will's ever told me he was a junior." Hannibal muses.

"Doesn't surprise me, if he's anything like he was as a kid," Will's father says, a note of amusement evident in his voice. Hannibal wonders why that would be funny.

"Hannibal, we'll talk tomorrow, alright?" Will finally says, having watched the two of them size each other up long enough.

Hannibal looks at Will with furrowed brows, unsure if he should leave Will here with his father, but he considers he may be misreading the situation so he grabs his things and leaves. Will is an adult and if he needs Hannibal's help, he'll have to ask for it. He won't intrude on family matters unless specifically asked.

Will feels guilty for making Hannibal leave in such a haste, but he doesn't want Hannibal around his father anymore than absolutely necessary. Once Hannibal's car has disappeared from the driveway, Will's dad sits down on the couch watching Will expectantly.

“You’ve been a tough one to track down.” His father says. “I don’t think I would’ve ever found you if I hadn’t stumbled upon a news article that mentioned you. From there, it was easy enough to locate you.”

Will knew those articles by Freddie Lounds would come back to bite him in the ass, he’d just never expected it would be in this way.

“Why are you here, dad?”

“Can’t a father just miss his son?“ His dad asks in return.

No. No they can’t. Not when they’re like him, Will thinks. He and his father haven’t spoken in more than 15 years and Will was happy that way. He’d hoped this chapter of his life was closed completely.

Instead of saying anything he’s actually thinking, he just mumbles out, “I guess.”

“Don’t mumble, son.” He dad reprimands.

Will can already feel himself reverting back into a 12 year old child, desperate for his father’s approval and never getting it. Thankfully, the man hasn’t put his hands on Will and that’s an improvement, Will supposes. He will have to make a conscious effort not to shy away from the touches he knows will come.

“How long will you be here?” Will asks.

“I haven’t decided yet. Hell, I might see about getting me a place nearby.” His father replies.

The reply makes Will’s stomach drop. He dad can’t do that. Please dad, don’t do that, Will begs silently.

“Oh Willy, you look so pale, like you’ve seen a ghost.” His father observes. Will feel ill at the use of the name, and he’s sure that is going to make him impossibly paler.

“Please, don’t call me that.” Will pleads.

“I’ll call you whatever I want to call you, boy.” His father reproaches.

Boy? At least it’s not Willy, he thinks.

“Are you expecting to stay here?” Will asks. He already knows the answer before his dad confirms that yes, he will be staying here with his son.

“Alright. Uh, you can take the couch. I’ll get you some blankets and a pillow.” Will says, awkwardly.

He’s somewhat surprised that his father doesn’t declare that he will be sleeping in Will’s bed. Will shuffles out of the room to grab the necessities and hands them to his father.

“I have work in the morning, so I have to try and get some sleep.” Will says, getting into bed. He regrets having his bedroom set up in his living room because that means they’ll be sleeping in the same room. There’s no door to lock to keep his dad away. He frowns at the thought. He’s an adult now, he shouldn’t be scared.

Will tosses and turns for hours as he tries to sleep and fails. He’s waiting for his father to slide under the covers with him like he used to. He feels sick at the idea, but it only happens in his mind. His dad leaves him alone.

Will’s wrists are bloody, he can’t stop the bleeding of the injuries he’d caused to himself. Everything hurt, and he feels so horrible alone. He numbly realizes he is going to have to go to his dad, and he doesn’t want to know what his dad is going to do. He comes out of his bedroom, clutching a cloth against his wrists looking for his father. He father stands up when he sees what Will has done, he strides over impossibly quickly, gripping Will’s wrists, causing him to drop the cloth.

“What the fuck is this, Will?” His thumb purposefully digging into the bleeding wound, causing Will to whimper.

“I’m sorry, daddy, I’m sorry,” Will sobs. He knows the wounds aren’t fatal but he feels so ashamed. He needed a way to let the pain out, feeling like it was consuming his insides. He had to let it out and he’d grabbed boxcutter in desperation.

Will pleads with his dad to take the boxcutter away, to take away the temptation so he won’t hurt himself again, but his dad laughs.

His dad doesn’t take the blade from him, only looks at his son in disgust, “If you’re going to be stupid enough to cut your wrists, I’m not gonna stop you.”

His dad slaps him hard across the face and he watches his dad grab the phone, dialing 911.

“What—what are you doing?” Will asks, still reeling from the slap to his face. It stings almost more than the cuts on his wrists.

“If you’re going to be fucking crazy, you should be institutionalized.”

Will’s panic bubbles over at that, sobbing harder he tries to dart past his father to get away, but his father is larger and faster and he catches him, bodily shoving him against the wall. Will’s head bounces off the sheetrock, causing his vision to blur momentarily. He still tries to free himself from his father’s grasp and almost manages to free himself, but instead his father grabs him again, throwing him down onto the rough carpet.

Will continues to struggle, still bleeding on himself and his father. He is trapped, he can’t get out from under his dad’s bruising grip, but he tries anyway. He bites his dad’s arm to try and get the man to loosen his hold on him, but it only serves to anger him. His dad rewards him with another sharp slap to the face. When they hear a knock at the door, his dad grabs Will up, yanking him off the floor and down to the door. Will is still sniffling and crying. He’s terrified of going to the hospital. He dissociates from the conversation his father has with the police officers who responded to his 911 call.

He is confused when the police leave and the ambulance that was waiting outside drives away. Why isn't he in that ambulance? It turns out, his father only did that as a way to scare Will. He tells Will he won't hesitate to do it again and the next time, he won't save Will.

His dad painfully cleans his cuts with rubbing alcohol and places butterfly bandages on the wounds and wraps them in gauze. Will sleeps fitfully that night.

Will awakens with a gasp, sweating profusely. His nightmare was hardly a nightmare, it was a memory. One of the many reasons he and his father do not speak. He's relieved to see his father is still fast asleep on the couch—he must've been relatively quiet last night.

He quietly and quickly gets ready for work, not wishing to wake his father. He is so stressed by the arrival of his father and it's evident on his face. His eye bags are more pronounced than usual and he is unreasonably pale. If he didn't know any better, he'd think he was ill.

On Will's drive to work, Hannibal calls him.

"Hello, Will. How did the evening go with your father?"

Will clears his throat, doing his best to make himself sound causal, "It went fine. It turns out he wants to stay with me for a while."

Even though Will tried to sound nonchalant, Hannibal picks up subtle notes of anxiety in his tone. He'd deduced that Will's father was not a nice man, but he still doesn't know the extent. It has to be pretty bad for Will to go completely no contact and move far away without sharing where he was going.

"Would you like to have dinner with me this evening?"

"I would, but I—I can't. I'm sorry." Will says apologetically. He wants to see Hannibal. He wants to spend all of his time with the man, but he's worried about what his father would think. He can't handle that right now.

Hannibal knows something isn't right, but again, he doesn't feel he should meddle in what is a family matter. Perhaps Will and his father have a poor relationship because of his father's work keeping him away for long periods of time. Will mentioned that his father worked on boats and would sometimes be out of town for weeks at a time, leaving the boy to fend for himself. It's very possible that fostered some resentment between them.

Will gets to the office early for once, attributing his newfound punctuality to wanting to be away from his father, though he's not going to tell anyone that.

"Good morning, Will!" Beverly calls out when she comes in. She's surprised to see he's beat her to work, but thinks nothing of it. "You feeling alright? You look pale." She notices.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just didn't sleep well." He answers.

Once everyone arrives, Jack goes over a new case with them.

Four boys, ages 10-16 have gone missing in Woodbridge, a town just south of them in Virginia. Nobody is saying it, but it's likely these boys are dead. All four boys have disappeared from their homes in the middle of the night roughly 3 weeks apart. It's been 2 weeks since the last boy was taken and if the pattern is correct, another boy will go missing in a week's time.

Will sits down, looking through each profile of the missing boys, they're confident it's the same suspect in each case, but each boy looks very different. Aside from being from the same area and all being male, it doesn't look like they have much in common.

Will and Jack go to the residence of the last boy to go missing to speak with the parents.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, may we come in?" Jack asks after introducing himself and Will.

Jack does most of the talking, Will listens. He likes to avoid talking when possible and finds he can get more information by observing rather than participating. Sometimes, what people don't say is more important than what they do say.

"Is your son doing well in school?" Jack asks, careful not to use past tense when speaking.

"He's had some trouble but nothing particularly bad." Mrs. Smith answers through tears. She is very obviously distraught over the abduction of her son.

"That's not entirely true," Mr. Smith points out. "He was suspended last year for smoking in the bathrooms."

"And nothing this year?" Will speaks up.

"Not that we're aware of."

All the boys do go to the same school, a charter school that caters to kindergarten through 12th grade. But, since they're from the same area, that isn't too out of the ordinary.

After speaking with the parents, they go to the school. The principal sits down with them, as well as the guidance counselor. All the missing boys have been relatively well behaved this school year and have passing grades.

Before they leave, a student stops them, "are you investigating the disappearance of the boys?"

"Yes. Is there something we should know?"

"Um, maybe. My friend, Stephen—Stephen Smith, was talking about a new friend he'd made. He told me he was going to meet him and it was the day after that he was reported missing. I'm sorry I didn't say anything sooner… I was afraid of getting in trouble."

Jack thanks the boy for his honesty and they leave.

Everyone of them have different teachers, except in their gym classes. They all have Mr. Sullivan. With the new information, Jack and Will head back to the office to regroup. Is he

the friend Stephen was going to meet?

“We need to pull all the info we can on Albert Sullivan. He’s one of three gym teachers at the charter school and all the boys had him as their gym teacher.”

Beverly immediately starts pulling all the information she can on the suspect.

“Uh, the guy by the name of Albert Sullivan died in 2008.” Beverly said. “If he were living he’d be 90 now.”

That’s enough for them to prepare to raid the man’s home. They got his address from the school and prepare a SWAT team to breach that afternoon.

The raid was anticlimactic to say the least. They arrested Winslow Lafferty, AKA Albert Sullivan for identity theft, but there were no signs that he’d kidnapped or kept any of the boys in his house or the shed out back. They bring in a cadaver dog just to make sure, and they come up empty handed.

“Why did you lie about your identity?” Will asks Lafferty once they get him into an interrogation room.

“You should know. I have a record and I wouldn’t be able to teach with it. I love kids.” He says.

His record shows that he has a felony drug offense from more than 10 years ago. That would certainly bar him from a number of jobs, teaching included.

“Tell us what you did with these boys.” Will says, pushing their files over to the man in cuffs. “I didn’t do anything to them!” He cries.

Will feels like he is telling the truth, but he has begun to second guess himself, ever since Matthew. They get a warrant to collect the man’s DNA, though they don’t have anything to compare it to yet. When he exits the interrogation room, Zeller waves him over.

“Hey, your father is here.” Will furrows his brows at the news, but thanks him and heads up to meet his father.

With more hostility than he intended, he greets his father. “What are you doing here?”

“Is that any way to speak to your dad?” His father replies with a laugh. It sounds like he’s joking, but Will knows he isn’t. Nobody else that overhears them would be able to tell that, though. “I thought we could have lunch together.”

Will agrees, because what else is he supposed to do? The voice in his head is telling him he’s overreacting, that maybe his father has changed. He should give the man a chance. Will struggles with the thoughts, knowing that the things his father has done are not forgivable.

“You’re awfully quiet.” His dad observes.

“As opposed to when? I’ve never been overly verbose.”

His dad shrugs at that and doesn't mention it again. They eat in relative silence, with his father only occasionally asking Will questions that he ignores.

"I'm surprised they let you work at the FBI, given your mental problems." His dad sneers.

Will drops his fork at that. He hates when people bring up his issues. Nobody likes him when they psychoanalyze him, except maybe Hannibal.

Will does his best to compose himself before he responds, "They actually find my empathy disorder quite useful. I'm good at what I do."

"Atta boy," His dad says as he reaches across the table and grabs his shoulder. Will flinches and pulls back so hard in response to the welcome touch he almost topples his chair over.

"Don't touch me." He spits, louder than he intended causing the people around him to glance up at he and his father. Will rests his forehand on his hand and sighs, trying to hide the way his face heats up at the attention.

"You need to leave." He finally says with less certainty than he intended.

His father surprisingly gets up at that, telling him he'll see him at home and leaves. Will sighs in relief. At least the problem is handled for now.

When he gets back to work, he's battered with questions. Everyone had assumed his father was estranged or even deceased since he's never once mentioned the man.

"My dad is staying with me for a while. We haven't spoken in years so I really don't know what he's doing here now." Will answers.

His coworkers don't bother him again about it. It feels too soon when they wrap up for the day. He doesn't want to go home, but he has to. He groans inwardly, unsure of what he's going to find when he gets there.

He pulls up to his house and is surprised to see his father outside, playing fetch with his dogs. He's smiling and his dogs are having a blast. Will watches for a moment before getting out of the car. Will walks over to his father, Winston seeing him first and bounding towards him, tail wagging even harder. Will kneels down, stroking the dog's ears. Winston has always been more attached to him than any of the others.

"How was work?" His father asks, finally looking his way.

"Uh, it was fine." Will answers.

"I'm making dinner tonight as a thank you for allowing me to stay." His dad informs him.

"Alright," Will answers awkwardly. He was expecting more hostility.

His dad makes burgers, and they're good. This is one of a few good memories he has of his father. The burgers are the best he's ever eaten, and he'd be lying if he didn't admit it.

“These are better than I remember,” Will says, chewing.

“It’s the least I could do since you’re housing me on such short notice.”

“Are you going to tell me why you’re really here?” Will asks.

“I guess you’d figure it out sooner or later. I lost my job and the house. I didn’t have anywhere else to go.” His dad admits.

Will wonders what that means for him. Just how long will his dad be staying here? His stomach is in knots just thinking about his dad being here for a few more days. This could potentially turn into weeks… or months.

“Will?” His dad calls out. Will is teetering on the edge of a panic attack and it sounds like he’s under water, the sound of his blood rushing through his ears like a river.

“You can’t stay here… not long term.” Will finally croaks out. He was going for threatening but instead he sounds like he’s got a frog in his throat.

“Why not?” His dad asks.

Will’s anger bubbles up at the question, “Do you even have to ask?!”. As if his father doesn’t remember what he did.

“That was a long time ago, I was drunk. I can’t believe you’re making such a big deal out of the past.” His father argues. “It wasn’t bad, you liked it!”

“I liked it?!” Will cries out and he starts sobbing. The tears start flowing and he’s not sure they’ll ever stop. Is his father delusional? He’s so angry, he is completely blinded with a rage so deep he can feel it in his bones. He doesn’t realize what he’s doing when he pulls out his pistol and aims it at his father. His dad takes a step towards him, his hands out in front of him.

“Don’t fucking move!” Will orders.

His hands are trembling and his vision is blurred by tears, so he can’t react quickly enough to stop his father from knocking the gun out of his hand. He looks down in the direction of the weapon and his dad takes the opportunity to bodily tackle him. Will yelps in pain as his elbows smack against the wooden floor. His dad is straddling him now, hands gripped around his throat. His grip on Will’s neck is bruising and the corners of his vision begins to fade. He’s going to kill me, Will thinks as he slips into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: the flashback/nightmare Will has in the beginning actually happened to me. I changed a few things to make it fit better but that's the gist of it lol.

Chapter 2

"You look so much like your mother sometimes with those pretty blue eyes, long eyelashes, and such nice skin." Will's dad coos, holding Will by his hair, gripping so tight Will's sure he's going tear a clump of hair out of his head.

Will is 13, just weeks after his self harm incident. His father had been drinking more leading up to this, not that he didn't drink before, but this seems much worse. Will can smell the reek of whiskey on his dad's breath and can barely make out the words the man is slurring.

"I know—I know you think you're fucking gay," his dad spits, hatred evident in his voice. "I thought I raised you better than that. But no, you whore yourself around. You're no better than dog shit."

Will doesn't correct him. He thinks he's bisexual but he guesses his father would get even angrier if he said anything, so he just whimpers.

"It makes me sick to think about what you must do with that boy behind my back. I only saw you kiss him, but that was enough." Will's father growls, still holding onto Will's hair.

He lets go of Will's hair only to shove Will down onto the floor by the shoulders, his tailbone hitting the floor with a crack. Will hisses in pain, biting his lip to the point of drawing blood. His dad grabs Will's chin hard, digging his nails into his cheeks, forcing the boy to look up at him.

"Dad—daddy, I'm sorry. Please." Will finally sobs out. He's not sorry though. He shouldn't be sorry for kissing someone he likes, male or female. If he wasn't so scared right now, he'd be angry. Instead he's now on the floor, trembling uncontrollably.

He tries to scoot away from his father's grip when he hears the telltale clink of a belt and the pull of a zipper. He shuts his eyes tight, trying to pull his head away, but his father's grip is steadfast.

"Look at me, boy." He father commands.

Will immediately cracks open his eyes to see his father's jeans down below his hips, and the outline of his penis in his underwear.

"Oh god, please dad, don't do this." He whines.

"What's the matter? I thought you'd like a cock shoved down your throat, slut that you are."

If Will is honest, he had thought about how it would feel to have his neighbor's cock in his mouth. He'd wondered if he'd be able to completely take it without gagging. But he's 13 and he's not ready for that yet. He cries harder at the thought.

"Maybe this will make you think twice about whoring yourself out."

Will's father invades his mouth with his thumb, warning Will not to bite him. Will shuts down after that, only vaguely aware when his own father's penis is shoved into his mouth. He's lost deep in his head and he's comfortable there. He numbly recognizes that he's crying and gagging on the intrusion, but there's nothing he can do. Soon, he tastes the warm, salty liquid of his father's release running down his throat, and just like that it's over.

His father never assaults him like that again and Will buries the memory deep in his subconscious, rarely allowing it to the surface.

Will awakens with a gasp, his throat aching and burning. He can feel the dried tears on his cheeks as he looks around frantically. He remembers being choked by his father and thinking he was going to die, but here he is, still alive.

"I texted your boss and let him know you wouldn't be making it in today." His father says, alerting Will to his presence.

"No, no I have to go to work." Will mumbles, reaching for his phone. Looking at the time, he sees he's not yet late so he gets up quickly and gets ready.

"You look horrible, you can't go like that." His dad points out.

He only looks horrible because his father nearly killed him last night, he thinks bitterly.

Will grabs his scarf—it's Hannibal's, actually and wraps it around his neck to cover the bruising. "Better?"

He finds some small comfort in the scent still on the scarf. Hannibal must've forgotten it when his father had shown up unexpectedly.

Will speeds to work, even running a stop sign, but he can't find it in him to care. He arrives at work only a few minutes late and adjusts his scarf around his neck from where it had been pushed down, exposing some of the bruising.

"Hey, we weren't expecting you today. You texted, said you were sick." Beverly says. "We asked Hannibal to help us out today, but the more the merrier, I guess." Beverly smiles.

"Hannibal's here?" Will asks incredulously.

"I am," Hannibal answers from behind him. Will turns around, eyes wide. To be honest, he had intended to avoid the man for a while.

"Good morning, Will." Hannibal greets. "Is that my scarf?"

"Oh, uh, yeah. You left it at my house," Will blushes.

"You can hold onto it, the burgundy suits you." Hannibal compliments.

"Thank you." Will says, unconsciously bringing his hand up to touch the soft material.

Jack finally arrives, his face solemn. "We have a body, it's one of the boys."

Will and Hannibal drive down to the scene together.

“So how has having your father around been?” Hannibal questions.

“It’s not secret that he and I don’t really get along… so stressful.” Will admits.

“Does he have a problem with your sexuality? You introduced me as your friend.”

“He does. Though, he thinks I’m gay.”

“But you’re bisexual?”

“Yep. Never felt right to correct him. It’s all the same to him.”

Hannibal glances at Will, seeing how to man has folded in on himself. His face is pale and his eyes are unusually bloodshot, almost like some blood vessels had burst.

“I’m not sleeping well with my father there, if I’m being completely honest.” Will says, sensing Hannibal dissecting his appearance. Hannibal makes a disapproving sound and they arrive at the crime scene in silence.

The body was dumped in a local park, poorly hidden by some bushes. The body was found relatively quickly.

“It looks like this boy has been dead for less than a day, judging by the condition of the body. I’d say he died between 2200 and 0300 last night.” Beverly says.

There are ligature marks on the boy’s wrists and ankles and bruising littering his body. The boy looks like he was tortured, probably for days before he died.

“Any idea on the cause of death?” Jack asks.

“Probably asphyxiation,” Beverly speculates, gesturing to the deep cuts along the boy’s throat. “We won’t know for sure until we do the autopsy though.”

The body also shows evidence of repeated sexual assault, though there are no obvious fluids present.

“Our number one suspect has been in police custody since yesterday—he couldn’t have killed this boy.” Zeller points out.

“Maybe he’s not our guy, then.” Will agrees. They won’t be releasing him though, he’s got charges pending for identity theft.

“Everyone, clear the scene. Will, do your thing.” Jack commands.

Will is afraid of what he’s going to see. Cases involving kids are always the hardest. He doesn’t want to understand how someone could do these things to children, nonetheless, he closes his eyes and puts himself into the shoes of the killer.

Will's psyche doesn't allow him to enact the sexual assault, which impedes his ability to fully empathize with the killer, but he's glad for that. He can only feel the excitement as he ties the boy up, strangling him, and beating him. He uses a piece of wire to strangle the boy to death after he's finished with the tourture. He's watching as the life leaves the boy's eyes and he stops struggling. He feels a heady sense of satisfaction when he stands up, looking at the boy.

Will's head is spinning afterwards and he feels nausea bubbling up in his stomach. Hannibal is there, grabbing onto his arm to steady as he shakily backs away from the body.

"That was, uh, more difficult than I anticipated." Will whispers, only Hannibal hearing.

"The murder weapon was a likely a length of metal wire, I'll bet he uses the same one in future killings. The killer keeps the boys until they bore him, then he gets rid of them. I think there's a possibility that the others are still alive." Will says to Jack.

Will feels drained after viewing the crime scene, so Hannibal suggests he and Will go get an early lunch. Will agrees and they leave the scene for the others to finish processing.

"Are you alright?" Hannibal asks, eyes full of concern as they sit down for lunch.

"Yeah, I'm okay."

"I know this kind of case can't be easy for you." Hannibal suspects.

"If it were easy for me, that would almost be more concerning," Will laughs.

"True." Hannibal says, smiling.

Once finished and back in the car, Hannibal leans over and kisses Will sensually. Will moans into the kiss, Hannibal's lips feeling wonderful on his own. He brings his hand up to rest on Hannibal's cheek, pulling him even closer, deepening the kiss. Finally breaking the kiss, he pulls back, cheeks flushed, lips swollen. Will smiles, enjoying the small act of intimacy with his boyfriend.

"I love you, you know." Will whispers.

"I know. And I, you."

Will only fixates on the fact Hannibal doesn't use the word 'love' for more than a moment before he reasons that he doesn't know everything about Hannibal's past. Maybe he has issues with intimacy as well. He's not going to press the matter.

Hannibal knows Will is curious as to why he didn't say he loved him. Hannibal feels odd with the word love in his mouth. It feels cloying and like it just doesn't fit. He does love Will though. He's never loved anyone quite like he loves Will. He'd honestly begun to believe he wasn't capable of love, until Will.

At the office, they part ways because Jack said Will looks ill and told him to take the rest of the day off. Hannibal stays behind to help out with the profile. When Will gets out to his car,

he pulls the scarf down, and cringes at how bad the bruising looks now. It looks worse than it did this morning. He sighs, starting the drive back to Wolf Trap.

His father is there, passed out on the couch. Will sniffs the air and smells the whiskey. He frowns at the sight.

He decides to leave the man alone. Having his dad passed out on his couch is better than having his dad awake. He takes the opportunity to take a shower, and lets the too hot water scold his back as he stands under the spray. He's lathering his hair up with shampoo when he hears the door creak open. He pushes the shower curtain aside to see his father in the bathroom.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Will growls.

"Gotta piss." His dad grumbles.

Will is ashamed to admit he was worried his dad was in here for more nefarious reasons. The assault from his childhood fresh on his mind. His father had never tried anything remotely similar since, but that didn't stop Will from being afraid until he moved out. Now, his father is back and he's afraid—again.

His dad finishes up and leaves, shutting the door behind him. Will sighs, feeling his muscles start to relax again. Will spends so much time on his toes when he's around his father, it's no wonder he feels exhausted. After his shower he gets dressed and drops down onto his bed. Closing his eyes, he pretends his father is not there. Maybe he's dead, or just in another country entirely, his make believe doesn't last long before his dad nudges him, waking him up. He grunts, sitting up on the bed.

"Son, I hate to ask, but can I borrow some money?"

"For what?" Will questions, feeling groggy.

"Does it matter? I'm your father."

"You can't do that to me anymore. I'm a grown man." Will points out.

"Yes. Yes you are." His dad agrees. Will hears a kind of sleazy tone to his words and his skin crawls.

"How much do you need?" Will finally asks, knowing this is the equivalent of him rolling over like a submissive dog. He's so desperate to avoid conflict and another injury, he'd probably do just about anything his dad asks of him. He hopes his father doesn't pick up on that.

"Just a few hundred, to live on until I can find a job in the area."

The money isn't what makes Will feel ill, it's the idea that his father has decided he will be here long enough to find a new job. But, he doesn't want to fight again so soon, so he agrees to lend the money and doesn't say anything else.

Will spends the next week on his toes, doing his best to walk on eggshells around his dad. He feels like a ghost in his own house, and to add to the frustration, they haven't made any progress on the case. It's only a matter of time before they find another body. He's barely spoken to Hannibal and hasn't seen him since that day at work, and he misses him. *God does he miss him*.

Chapter 3

“I can’t believe I didn’t notice it before,” Will says, looking at the files of the missing boys. “Every single one of the boys are from families that live below the poverty line.”

When that is investigated further, Will finds out that each boy was looking for under the table work, since most of them were too young to work legally. Their parents knew this but failed to mention it for fear of legal troubles. The idea that their parents could withhold vital information for fear for themselves facing legal trouble sickens Will.

“Did they all talk to the same person for work?” Beverly wonders.

“Probably,” Will replies, crossing his arms, looking at their evidence board. “It’s the best connection we’ve got so far.”

He and Beverly end up going back to the school, seeing if they can find the kid Will and Jack spoke to last week. They go to the principal’s office and they call the boy up.

“Do you know if your friend had a job?” Will asks.

“Uh, yeah, he did—I think. The friend I told you about the other day? He was going to pay Stephen for some kind of work.” The boy answers.

“Did Stephen give you a name?” Beverly asks.

“No, I’m sorry.”

They let the boy go and walk around the school. Most schools have some kind of bulletin board for news, so they look for that. It’s not long before they find it, and on the board, an ad for students looking for work with strips containing the name and phone number of the person looking to hire.

“I’m surprised they let this stay up.” Beverly says.

“They probably don’t pay attention,” Will guesses.

Unfortunately, all the slips of paper with the contact information are gone, so they are left with just a name. It worries Will that other kids might be in danger.

“Ben,” Will says, taking the paper off the board. “Think that’s short for Benjamin or Benedict?”

“It’s probably Benjamin, since that seems like a more common name for the area,” Beverly says. “Could be a fake name altogether, though.”

They ask the school resource officer if they have security cameras facing the bulletin board, but conveniently the camera that would have recorded Ben placing the flyer is broken. They take their newfound lead back to Jack and they add the information to the evidence board.

Later that evening, Will gets home and his dad is waiting for him on the porch. He really wishes his dad would leave, but alas he's still here.

"Will," his father greets. "I got a job."

Will perks up a bit at that. "Where at?"

"An auto body shop nearby."

Will is tired, it's been a long day and he's not in the mood to cater to his father. It's Friday and he wants to relax. He goes to walk past his dad into the house but the older man stops him, grabbing his shoulder.

"What do you want?" Will growls.

"I thought you'd be happy for me."

"I'd be happy for you if you'd move out!" Will spits. He's tired of walking on eggshells around his dad. He wants his dad gone.

His dad is obviously angry at Will's outburst, and Will has to remind himself he's an adult and this is his house, so he stands his ground. His dad steps closer to him and Will can smell the whiskey on his breath. His dad isn't slurring his words or stumbling around so he can't be that drunk.

"I'm—I'm going to need you to get out of my way." Will demands.

"And what if I don't want to?" His dad sneers. "What're you gonna do about it?"

Will moves to go around his father, but his dad sticks out his leg and Will trips over it, landing on his chest on the porch. Will is seething now. He gets up, dusting himself off.

"You can't just show up in my life after years and pretend like you're my father. I'm an adult. I grew up—in spite of you. You're a worthless waste of space." The venom in Will's voice is chilling.

Will thought he and his father might get into a screaming match, just like old times, but his dad catches him off guard by punching him square in the jaw.

"I won't accept that kind of attitude, boy." His dad warns.

Will is dazed from the injury, but even angrier than before. He's not going to take the abuse. Not now. He's not a scared little kid anymore, so he punches back.

When he hears his fist connect with his dad's cheek, he feels sick. Despite everything, he loves his dad. He wishes he had a normal relationship with him, but his dad saw to it that they never would. He turns away from his father, traitorous tears rolling down his face. There's an ache in his chest, a hole where the love of his father should be.

He backs away from his dad who is still recovering from the punch. He has to fight the urge to check on the older man, telling himself he doesn't deserve to have a son who cares. He wipes his face with his sleeve, working to compose himself.

He turns around and tells his dad he can come inside when he calms down, leaving the man standing on the porch. Will is coming out of the shower when he finally hears the front door open. He dresses quickly and walks back to where his dad should be, and immediately regrets it. His dad wasn't drunk before, but he's drunk now.

"Willy, I'm sorry." His dad says, voice rough. Will cringes at the use of the nickname.

Will watches him, not saying anything. He's not going to accept a drunk apology. His dad keeps edging closer. Until Will backs himself to his bed, stumbling backwards on it. In his moment of discombobulation, his dad is on top of him.

"I know I've told you this before, but you look so much like your mother. If it's even possible, you look more like her now than you did as a kid." His dad murmurs into Will's neck.

His heart is racing, he's lying on the bed, his dad on top of him. He'd thought that day all those years ago was a fluke. Something he could look past. Something that doesn't define his dad. He has his problems, but he's not a rapist. Right?

His dad's large hand grips Will's jaw with bruising force. Will squeezes his eyes shut. His dad is whispering his mother's name now. Maybe he doesn't even know what he's doing.

"Dad!" Will yelps, hoping to snap his father out of it. His dad leans up, a glint of recognition on his face.

"I know who you are, Willy."

Will cries. There's no way this can happen to him again. Does he have a sign on his head advertising that he's anyone's for the taking? He struggles against his father's grip, his father's legs pinning Will down at the hips.

When his dad shifts, Will takes his chance, bringing his leg up and kicking his dad off him.

His dad falls to the floor with a grunt and Will scrambles up and off the bed. His dad is standing now, between him and the door. Will moves as quickly as he can, but his dad's position is advantageous, so he easily grabs Will by the hair, yanking him backwards.

"What the fuck do you think I'm gonna do to you?" His dad asks, punching Will in the face. He feels the impact on his chin, then on his eye, and finally on his nose. He's way too dazed to answer his dad's question and he numbly thinks he probably doesn't want Will to answer anyway.

Will's vision swims but he's determined to get away from this, so he fights back, punching his father as hard as he can. Surprisingly, his punch lands just right and knocks the man out cold. Will's tears are flowing freely and the blood is pouring out of nose and split lip.

He shakily grabs his keys and wallet and gets in his car, forgoing a coat but remembers to slip on some shoes. He shivers on his way out to the car, but doesn't turn back. He doesn't know how long his dad will be out and he just needs to get out of here.

He's driving though his vision is still swimming at times. He knows where he's going. He's going to Hannibal's. The man will answer and he will help him.

Soon, he's outside Hannibal's door, knocking frantically.

"Will?" Hannibal says, opening the door. He was clearly getting ready for bed.

Will is a sight for sore eyes. He's shivering, arms hugged around his waist, drying blood on his face and tear streaked cheeks. Hannibal's protective instincts kick in at the sight.

"Can I—can I come in?" Will whispers.

"Of course. What's happened?" Hannibal asks.

"My dad." Will answers, sniffling. This surprises Hannibal somewhat, he'd long suspected Will's relationship with his dad to be a turbulent one, but hadn't pegged it as a particularly violent relationship.

"Did he do this to you?" Hannibal interrogates, gesturing at Will's facial wounds. Will nods.

"I'll kill him." Hannibal declares.

"You don't even know what happened," Will points out.

"So tell me."

"Do you mind if I get cleaned up first?" Will asks, wiping his bleeding nose with his sleeve. The shirt is ruined so he's not being careful about where the blood ends up.

"Of course. Let me help." Hannibal says. Will readily agrees, he wants Hannibal's help. They go into the bathroom and Hannibal sits Will on the toilet lid, then kneeling down so he's looking up at Will. He grabs his first aid kit and begins to clean the wound on his lip and above his eye. Will hisses at the sting of the rubbing alcohol but doesn't move.

"Your nose isn't broken, thankfully. You'll most likely have a black eye though." Hannibal says, finishing up quicker than Will expected. Hannibal leaves Will to get him a clean shirt.

By the time Will is cleaned up and in fresh clothes, he is so tired. Hannibal doesn't press on what happened with his father, there'll be time for that tomorrow. They fall asleep together in Hannibal's bed. Will sleeps fitfully, nightmares plaguing him. He wakes up multiple times throughout the night in a panic, but calms down when he remembers he's at Hannibal's and the arm around him is Hannibal's.

When Will wakes up for the final time, Hannibal is coming out of the shower, drying his hair with a towel.

“Good morning, Will. How are you feeling?”

“Like shit,” Will answers humorlessly.

“Would you like to discuss what happened last night?”

“Not really, but yeah I guess.”

“We can talk in my study. It’s been a while since you’ve had an appointment.”

Once downstairs, Will sits down on the chaise near the window putting his face in his hands.

“Tell me how this happened.” Hannibal prompts.

“My dad was drunk, we got into it because I told him he needed to move out.” Will begins. “He obviously didn’t like that, and retaliated.”

“Why would your father believe he has any right to treat you this way?”

“It’s no different than when I was a kid. He thinks he can show up now and treat me like I’m a child. He doesn’t seem to care that I’m a grown man.” Will says, contemplating if he should tell Hannibal about the assault from his childhood as well.

He worries that Hannibal will see him differently. It’s one thing to have been assaulted once, but to allow it to happen before, when he was a child, by his own father no less—there must be something wrong with him. He knows the stats on re-victimization, but he’d never considered how that could impact himself.

What if Hannibal thinks he is dirty and no longer wants to touch him? He does his best not to choke up at the thought of Hannibal leaving him. He’s not sure if the relationship he has with Hannibal is healthy per say, but he loves the man.

“Will?” Hannibal calls out. He’d been watching Will stare off into the distance, deep in thought for a few minutes now. He was clearly working through something, but Hannibal decided not to let him spiral further.

“I’m sorry, was just thinking.”

“Are you going to tell me about it?”

“I’m just worried that—that you’ll see me differently after hearing about my father and I’s relationship.”

“Nothing that’s happened between you and your father can change the way I feel about you, as your boyfriend and as your therapist.” Hannibal assures him.

“Remember that you said that when I’m done telling you how—how disgusting I am.” Will warns.

Will recounts the events of his childhood and then the events of the night prior. Hannibal listens, keeping his face carefully neutral. He is angry. Not at Will, but at his father. As a psychiatrist he's dealt with childhood sexual abuse many times, but it never fails to enrage him. If he could get away with it, he'd kill and eat all the bastards who think it's okay to touch their children.

"This isn't your fault, you know that, right?" Hannibal asks.

"Logically, yes, but also, no. I still think I must've done something to set him off. Hell, I know I did. When I was 13 he told me he was doing it because he'd seen me kiss a boy." Will admits, a look of disbelief on his face at speaking the words out loud.

"You were growing and exploring your sexuality. He had no right to take that from you."

"Well he did anyway and I spent years trying to convince myself I was straight. It never worked, though." Will says sardonically.

"I thought it was a one time thing, a punishment—however fucked up it was." Will chokes up at that. "I think he was going to try and do it again last night."

"He told me I look like my mother—both times." Will finishes.

"It sounds like he has issues with his own sexuality, and blames you for it." Hannibal theorizes.

"Do you think he did this to other kids?" Will asks, eyes widening at the thought.

"No, I don't. This was—is something driven by anger and I think it was exclusively directed at himself and you."

Will is angry, and wondering if his dad is still staying in his house, with his dogs. Like the asshole belongs there. If Will thought he could get away with it, he'd kill his father himself. But the only thing worse than allowing his father to keep breathing is the idea of spending the rest of his life in the BSHCI.

"Do you want to stay here for the time being?" Hannibal asks.

"Yeah, if I could. Until I can get my dad out of my house." Will says.

Will checks his phone, sighing at the missed calls he has from his dad. He listens to one of the voicemails and his father is crying. Begging him for forgiveness and telling him to come home. The next one, his father is angry and calls him a slur, insinuating that Will's run off to stay with his boyfriend. Will doesn't dwell on the fact that his father is correct.

It's Saturday and Will would actually like to enjoy his weekend, so he and Hannibal have brunch and settle down on the couch to watch a zombie movie of all things. The ridiculousness isn't lost on Will, especially since Hannibal chose the movie.

"I never took you for a zombie fan," Will says cheekily.

“I can appreciate a good zombie movie occasionally, but not all the time. I wouldn’t really say I’m a zombie fan.” Hannibal answers.

“Would you survive a zombie apocalypse?” Will asks, turning to face Hannibal.

“Absolutely. I can be very resourceful. And you?”

“Who wants to survive the zombie apocalypse? That seems super stressful,” Will laughs.

“You’ve got a point,” Hannibal agrees.

Hannibal laughs when a jump scare happens on screen and Will jumps, practically landing himself in Hannibal’s lap. Will’s eyes lock with Hannibal’s and he blushes, biting his lip.

“Sorry,” Will murmurs.

“Nonsense.” Hannibal replies, bodily moving Will so he is fully in the man’s lap. Will sighs in contentment being in Hannibal’s arms. Nothing about this is inherently sexual and Will revels in it, making small pleased noises.

“I’ve missed you,” Will mumbles into Hannibal’s shoulder.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

There's smut in this chapter and I'm still bad at writing it but aaanywaaay

Will wakes up sometime later, the sun is still shining through the window so he hasn't slept the entire day away. He moves himself away from Hannibal, who is still awake and watching the end of the movie.

"You looked like you needed the sleep," Hannibal says, noticing Will is now awake.

"Yeah, I did. I haven't been sleeping well." Will admits. "Fuck, my face is killing me." Will exclaims as he rubs his eyes not thinking of his injuries.

"Maybe don't rub your eyes when you have a black eye?" Hannibal chides, albeit lightheartedly.

Will looks at him deadpan before saying, "Thanks for the advice, doctor."

"I need to go home and get some things," Will says mostly to himself. He's dreading going home, which angers him since it's *his* house. He pays the mortgage.

"Would you like me to accompany you?" Hannibal questions.

"You, uh, don't have to. I'm sure you have something better to do."

"I assure you I do not."

Will shrugs at that, deciding it might be better to have company. He's just worried how his dad will react meeting Hannibal again. They get dressed, donning coats and opt to take Hannibal's car. Will borrows a coat of Hannibal's, it's too large for him, leaving him swimming in the warm material. He hugs it against himself as they walk out into the cold air.

Will spends the drive with his head rested against the glass, watching the city turn into forest as they approach Wolf Trap.

"Do you want to wait in the car?" Will asks as they pull into the driveway.

"I will wait if that is what you prefer." Hannibal says. He doesn't want to wait, but he also doesn't want to do anything that might make this more difficult for Will. He watches his boyfriend get out of the car and walk onto his porch. He sighs, thinking of how *whipped* he seems to be. That's the right term, he thinks. He waits in silence, rolling down the window to listen to the call of birds in the surrounding trees.

Will unlocks his door and walks into the living room, unsure of what he will find. What he does find, doesn't surprise him. His dad is out cold on his bed, he dimly thinks he should check his pulse, since he did knock him out yesterday. He leans over his father and feels for the pulse point on his neck.

He feels a steady heartbeat, so not dead. *Yet*, his mind supplies him. His father stirs at the touch and reaches his arm around and grabs Will's wrist. The old man looks at Will like a rabid animal, afraid but also angry.

"Your behavior last night was appalling." His dad chastises.

"How much of it do you even remember?" Will retorts. His dad was pretty drunk when they got into it.

"Enough." His dad responds, getting up from the bed.

"Look, just leave me alone. I'm going to grab my things and leave. You can stay here for as long as you want." Will appeases, backing away slowly. He curses himself for the immediate fear reaction caused by his father simply standing up.

"I only want to stay here to be with *you*." His dad admits.

"Why?!" Will exclaims. "Why are you really here?"

"I'm dying." His father replies, solemnly. "I wanted to make amends."

Will grimaces, his teeth showing in an almost snarl. "Really great job you're doing of that."

"I know, and I'm sorry. Please," Will's father pleads. Will doesn't know what he's asking for, but he can hear the desperation in his voice.

It takes all of Will's restraint not to collapse at his father's words, he wishes so much that his father is telling the truth now, but he knows better.

"I have cancer, a tumor in my brain," His father divulges, after Will stays silent.

"How—how long do you have?" Will finally asks, eyes glistening with unshed tears.

"A year, if I'm lucky."

Will wipes his eyes gingerly, mindful of his black eye. "Why do you keep *hurting* me?" Will asks, voice breaking.

"In my head you're still my son—you're still that kid that hated me all those years ago." His father admits.

Will wants to scream at his father. The vocalization is perched under his chin, desperate to be let out, but he knows if he allows it, it may never stop. The revelation almost makes the abuse he's suffered at the hands of his father worse. What does that say about the man if he sees

Will as a child and still choses to hurt him? *What does it say about Will himself that he's allowed himself to be perceived as a child? Why can't he stand up for himself?*

Hannibal begins to get concerned, since Will has been in the house for more than ten minutes. He decides, against Will's wishes, to go inside. When he cracks open the front door, he takes in the scene.

Will is sliding down the wall and he appears to be hyperventilating. Hannibal ignores Will's father, who doesn't seem to be an imminent threat at the moment, to kneel down in front of Will on the floor.

"You're alright, Will. Take a deep breath, good, now let it out." Hannibal guides. He places a comforting hand on Will's cheek and feels Will unconsciously press into it, seeking his touch.

Will's dad interrupts them by clearing his throat. "What the hell is happening?" He questions incredulously.

Will looks up at that and gets to his feet.

"Dad, this is Hannibal. You've met. He's my *boyfriend*." Will says, emphasizing boyfriend.

Will's dad looks upon the two of them in disgust, and lashes out, slapping Will on his already injured face. He hisses in pain, looking up angrily at his father. He doesn't get a chance to react though because Hannibal pins Will's father to the wall, his forearm pressing against his neck.

"Can I kill him?" Hannibal asks, aware that his usually calm and collected persona has slipped to expose his rage.

"No!" Will yelps. "He's an ass but he is my family." Will whispers.

Hannibal leans into Will's father and whispers, "I'd love more than anything to slice pieces off you and feed them to Will's dogs while you watch."

After Will's father's face goes pale, Hannibal decides he's had enough and lets the man go. His dad stands there, shaken. It's clear he's not used to someone larger than him retaliating.

"Sit down and shut up." Hannibal orders, pointing to the couch. Will's dad immediately obeys, like a well trained dog. Will smirks at that.

"I love when you get all bossy," Will says, smirking.

"Oh?" Hannibal replies as Will kisses him. Hannibal thinks Will is doing it to make his father angrier but Hannibal can't find it in himself to feel used. He actually quite likes it.

"Let's get your things," Hannibal says, breaking the kiss. Will hurries to grab some clothes and his own toiletries. He likes Hannibal's stuff more if he's being honest, but he doesn't want to impose more than he already has.

“Don’t you dare bring the stuff with a ship on the bottle!” Hannibal calls out, just as Will was grabbing that very item. He bites his lip and puts it back on the shelf. He hasn’t worn it since his dad showed up. It’s actually the same brand his dad wears and now it makes him nauseous to smell it. Grabbing it was more a force of habit than anything else.

“We’ll find you a replacement for that dreadful aftershave.” Hannibal declares when Will leaves the bathroom and plops his duffle bag on the floor.

“Can I trust you to look after the dogs while you’re here?” Will asks, turning to his father.

“Yes, of course.”

His dad is a lot of bad things but he’s a big reason Will has so many dogs now. His dad has always loved dogs. Will supposes everybody has to have at least one good quality.

Once they exit the house and get into Hannibal’s car, Will sighs loudly. His cheek still throbbing from the unexpected slap he’d received from his dad a few minutes ago.

“I don’t understand why I allow him to treat me like a child. Like I’m somebody who will just lie back and take it. I try to stand up to him, but in the end I always get the distinct feeling that I’m a dog with its tail between its legs.”

“Maybe it’s because you never really got to be a child.” Hannibal says. “Age regression is something that some people choose to do as a form of therapy. Maybe it would help you.”

“Uh, no. I’m not going to intentionally behave like a child.”

“You already have, Will. Now, with your father, but you also did something similar when we went *camping*. There was a lightheartedness to you I’d never seen before.”

Will remembers that. He’d never considered it might be age regression. He’s familiar with the idea but always imagined it as more… infantile. The idea of age regressing scares him, if he’s being honest with himself.

“If you ever decide it’s something you want to try, I will support you.” Hannibal finishes.

As Hannibal drives, he places a soothing hand on Will’s thigh. Will doesn’t even realize his leg is shaking until Hannibal stops it. Will hates how needy he is for Hannibal’s touch and spending the week without him was beginning to wear on him. He sometimes worries they’ve developed a dependency on each other, but he pushes that thought away whenever it shows itself.

“You know, you’ve never told me much about your childhood. I feel like you’ve learned a lot about mine.” Will says.

“Much of what you’ve shared with me about your childhood has been out of necessity.” Hannibal points out.

“You’re not wrong.” Will agrees.

Once they're home, Hannibal tells Will he can have the guest bedroom. Hannibal doesn't consider what that might sound like to someone like Will. Will agrees and thanks Hannibal, heading up to his temporary bedroom. Will shuts the door behind him and plops down on the bed.

He's so stupid for thinking Hannibal would want to share a bed with him. *Hannibal did it last night because Will was particularly shaken and he felt pity for him,* Will thinks bitterly. Hannibal probably believes Will is okay now and doesn't need to continue the act. He's so stupid for thinking Hannibal still wants to be with him.

Will feels the tears welling up in his eyes. He chastises himself, he is *not* going to cry over this revelation. He wipes the unshed tears away and begins to unpack his things. Once he has his meager wardrobe put away, he moves to the ensuite bathroom and puts his toiletries away.

After he's done, he contemplates what his next move will be. He doesn't want to face Hannibal right now, so he decides to shower. He feels like he needs it after the morning he's had. His father didn't do anything too extreme to him today, and yet he still feels dirty. He hopes a shower will help.

The shower does seem to help, Will thinks as he groans quietly under the warm spray. It feels wonderful on his tense muscles. With his eyes closed and his hands in his hair, he finds his thoughts drifting to Hannibal. He imagines that it's Hannibal's hands in his hair and trailing down his body—he gasps when his own hand closes around his cock.

Hannibal hears the shower running, and decides to go into the bedroom to wait for Will to come out. He feels like they ended their last conversation a bit odd and he wants to ensure the man is okay. He knows Will is particularly sensitive right now and he doesn't want to be responsible for any pain he may feel.

Hannibal sits on Will's bed and recalls how he felt when he first met the man. He'd immediately taken an interest in him, though not in the way he is interested now. He'd wanted to manipulate Will, to break apart his psyche and piece it back together. He wanted to push Will and see how much he could take, how he would react. And now, still unbelievable to Hannibal himself, he wants to hold all of the pieces of Will together. He doesn't want any harm done to the man. Sometimes he truly hates the fact Will has reminded him he does indeed have a heart.

Hannibal, lost in thought, is distracted by the scent of arousal coming from the bathroom. It is a heady scent, sweet but salty. He almost curses his overly sensitive nose because he feels like he is invading Will's privacy. Despite thinking better of it, Hannibal opens the bathroom door. He just can't resist the man in the shower and he wants to see what he's doing.

He gets an eyeful. Will quietly gasping, his hand around his cock, the other hand braced against the shower wall for support. His eyes are closed and he probably didn't hear Hannibal come in. Hannibal wonders if he should just leave, but instead, he finds himself glued to the spot. He quietly watches, aware of his own growing arousal.

The glorious scene abruptly ends when Will opens his eyes and sees Hannibal standing there. He immediately takes his hand off his cock and stands up straight.

“What the fuck?” Will gasps, sounding like he is out of breath. His face turns red, wondering how long Hannibal has been watching him.

“I’m sorry, Will. I came into the room to check on you and heard the shower running. We seemed to end our last conversation a bit tense and I wanted to make sure you were alright.” Hannibal explains.

“How—how long have you been watching me?”

“No more than a minute or so.” Hannibal replies honestly.

“God, I’m so sorry you had to see that,” Will apologizes.

“It wasn’t any trouble. I quite enjoyed seeing you in the throes of pleasure. I’m only sad that I’ve interrupted you.”

Will blushes at that. It contradicts what he was thinking before, about how Hannibal must only be tolerating him out of pity. He steps out of the shower, wrapping a towel around his waist, obscuring his still half-erect cock. Hannibal is still standing there, watching him.

“When you told me I could have the guest bedroom, I thought it meant you didn’t want to be with me anymore. That maybe you’d changed your mind after seeing my dad again.” Will admits.

“Your father has no bearing on how I feel about you.” Hannibal says, stepping closer to Will.

Hannibal takes Will’s chin in his hand and kisses the man. Soon, he brings his other hand up and places it behind his head. Will moans into the kiss, brining his own hands up around Hannibal’s neck. His towel falls down, forgotten.

Will breaks the kiss, smiling he points out, “I’m the only one naked.”

Hannibal takes that as an invitation and begins to unbutton his shirt, Will moves his hands away and takes over. Once all the buttons are out of the way, Will pushes the shirt to Hannibal’s sides and runs his hands down the man’s muscular chest.

Hannibal sheds the shirt entirely and kisses Will again. Will’s hands get to work on his belt, undoing it and then unbuttoning his pants. He pulls the zipper down and pushes the pants down just past Hannibal’s hips. Will reaches his hand into Hannibal’s underwear to free his cock. It’s hard and leaking precum. Will’s pupils are blown with desire at the sight.

“I want—I want you to fuck me,” Will gasps.

“Are you sure?” Hannibal confirms.

“Yes, god—yes.” Will squeaks out, as Hannibal reaches down and strokes Will’s cock.

“I’ll be right back,” Hannibal says, leaving Will panting with desire. Will sits on the bed, and is waiting patiently for the man to return. When he does, he’s holding a small bottle of lube. Hannibal slots himself between Will’s legs and gently pushes him back onto the bed.

Hannibal leans down and sucks on Will’s neck, then he’s sucking and biting down his chest and stomach.

“Oh,” Will exclaims when Hannibal takes him in his mouth. “Fuck!”

Hannibal continues for a moment, before removing his mouth from Will’s cock to begin opening him up.

“Please, tell me immediately if you wish to stop.” Hannibal says, looking Will in the eyes.

Will swallows hard, but nods his head. “Okay.”

Hannibal lubes up his fingers and begins to massage Will’s rim. The sensation is foreign, but feels nice. Then, Hannibal inserts his index finger up to the first knuckle. Hannibal hears his sharp intake of breath and looks up to make sure Will is alright.

“It’s just a little uncomfortable,” Will says. “Keep going.”

When Hannibal gets two fingers inside, Will hisses in pain, but doesn’t ask him to stop. Hannibal stills, two fingers inside Will watching the man try to adjust to the intrusion.

“Take a deep breath for me and relax. You’re clenching your muscles around me.”

Will nods, taking a deep breath and doing his best to relax. It seems to help a bit and Hannibal adds a third finger. Now, it isn’t explicitly painful, but it is still uncomfortable. Hannibal explores with his fingers to find the prostate.

He finds the walnut sized bundle of nerves quickly and applies gentle pressure. Will gasps, this time in pleasure not pain.

Hannibal continues his ministrations, slowly turning Will into a squirming mess. His cock is hard, lying against his stomach, precum creating a small puddle. Hannibal wonders if he could make Will cum untouched, but decides to try that at a later time.

Will feels the blunt head of Hannibal’s cock at his anus. Once Hannibal gets the head of his cock inside, Will groans in discomfort. Hannibal sits, unmoving, allowing Will to adjust to the intrusion. Soon, Hannibal is seated entirely in Will. He stays there and begins stroking Will’s cock back to full hardness. His erection had flagged a bit due to the discomfort.

Will’s small gasps and moans are driving Hannibal crazy. He starts moving, setting a slow, steady pace. He keeps his hand on Will’s cock, stroking him in time with his thrusts.

Hannibal adjusts his angle and finds the prostate. When he hits it the first time, Will’s eyes open wide and he moans, loudly. With each subsequent thrust, he hits it again. Will feels blinded by pleasure, the discomfort he was feeling earlier completely dulled by this new wonderful sensation.

Will is taken by surprise when a thrust against his prostate has him cumming onto his stomach and into Hannibal's hand. As he rides out his orgasm, Hannibal speeds up, following closely behind. Will moans at the feeling of Hannibal's cock twitching inside him. Hannibal stays seated inside until his cock begins to soften, when he pulls out, he watches as his cum leaks out of Will's ass.

"You look so delectable like this," Hannibal observes, taking his finger and stroking Will's rim, gathering up some of the cum.

"Let's get you cleaned up my wonderful boy," Hannibal says.

Boy—Hannibal has never called him boy. His dad calls him boy.

"Please, don't call me that." Will whispers.

"Noted, I won't call you that again Will." Hannibal replies, grabbing a cloth to clean Will's stomach.

Once Will is clean and they are dressed, they decide a nap is in order.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal is fingering Will open, his eyes closed and head thrown back in pleasure. Hannibal hits his prostate with his middle finger and Will moans in ecstasy.

"You're such a needy slut, aren't you?" Hannibal asks. Except, it doesn't sound like Hannibal because Hannibal wouldn't say that. Will opens his eyes and looks in utter terror, seeing his father between his legs.

He can't move, and the scream that's lodged in his throat won't come out. He's lying on his back, forced to feel his father's ministrations. And then, his father is fucking him. A brutal pace is set and Will wishes he could do something, anything to make it stop but he's frozen in place.

The only thing he can do is whimper.

"Please—stop," He begs. His father ignores the pleas, continuing to fuck into his son.

Will feels the familiar warmth growing in his belly, his cock hard, resting on his stomach between himself and his father. He cries out in shame and agony when he orgasms.

"I knew you were a slut for it." His dad sneers, pulling out. "Now wake up."

Will squints his eyes at his father's words. Why is he saying to wake up? Then, it hits him. He's in the bed with Hannibal, he's asleep.

He wakes with a gasp, tears rolling down his cheeks, and he's sweat so much there's a damp spot on the sheets beneath him. Hannibal is looking at him, concern clear on his face.

"I tried to wake you, but you were too far gone." Hannibal says quietly.

"It's—it's okay." Will answers, then becomes aware of the stickiness in his underwear. "I'm going to be sick,"

Will stumbles out of bed to the toilet and empties the meager contents of his stomach into the bowl. He slumps over beside the toilet afterwards, feeling marginally better.

He sighs, still sitting on the bathroom floor. He takes off his underwear and balls them up, throwing them in the trash. He'd prefer to burn them, but that's not feasible right now. What the fuck is wrong with him? Wet dreams are normal, but to have one occur during a dream of his *father*? He thinks there must be something seriously wrong with him.

He strips off his sweat-drenched t-shirt and walks out of the bathroom naked. He doesn't have any clothes in the bathroom so he has to come out to face Hannibal. He'd half hoped

Hannibal had either gone back to sleep or downstairs, but he's having no such luck this morning. Hannibal is sitting up in bed, watching as Will walks out of the bathroom.

It's obvious Will is uncomfortable, so Hannibal averts his eyes when he sees the man come out naked. He understands why Will would be embarrassed and wants to ease his discomfort.

"Dreams like that happen and we can't control how our bodies respond when they do." Hannibal says.

He'd been awake for at least part of Will's dream and had heard Will's soft pleas and then his groan as he orgasmed. He decided to try and wake him just after that, having watched Will cry out long enough. Hannibal can't get rid of the nightmares, but he can pull him out of them—sometimes. Will was in a deep sleep this morning and it took a while for Hannibal to wake him.

Will is dressed now and looking down at his feet bitterly. His lips are curled up into a sort of smile but it looks more like a grimace.

"In the dream, I thought it was—was you, at first." Will says, voice barely above a whisper. "It felt good, but when I opened my eyes it wasn't you." He says, voice trailing off entirely.

"Who was it?" Hannibal asks.

"I—um, it was my dad." Will answers.

"Given the traumatic experiences you've had with him, these kinds of dreams are not uncommon. In fact, many people have sexual dreams about family members at one point or another in their lives." Hannibal informs him, knowing he sounds more like a psychiatrist than a boyfriend.

"It's just—why did I dream of things he never did to me?" Will asks.

"Some scientists believe dreams are a place that the brain creates to process traumas in what would be considered a safe place." Hannibal says. "Others believe dreams are nothing more than your brain working to consolidate your memories."

Will looks at him, eyebrows scrunched together in thought. His dreams are vivid and often seem linear. They make sense, they don't jump around. And sometimes, he can even lucid dream. It seems to only happen when his dreams are particularly horrible.

"Sometimes I figure out I'm dreaming, and then I can control what I do in the dream but I can't change my surroundings. It often feels like the dream has a mind of its own that then works to make me forget I'm dreaming." Will says.

Will feels crazy. Hannibal seems to enjoy rummaging around in Will's damaged psyche. He seems utterly captivated by the things Will says. Why is he always readily available to help Will? *What does he want from him? He must want something, right?*

Will thinks Hannibal has been biding his time, waiting to strike as retaliation for Will insisting he framed him for the murders that landed him in the BSHCI. It seems unlikely that

Hannibal could just forgive him for that. Will isn't sure he'd be able to forgive and forget so easily.

It's awkward in the silence after Will explains his lucid dreaming. Hannibal looks at him thoughtfully. If Will had to guess, he's crafting a response that might be helpful. Or he's thinking Will is a kind of insane even he can't harness, which is a scary thought considering he is the Chesapeake Ripper.

Unbeknownst to Will, Hannibal has no ulterior motives and he hasn't once considered that Will is crazy. He truly wants to help Will overcome his trauma. He loves the man. Though, if it were anyone else, Hannibal would be tempted to manipulate the situation to see how they respond, much like a less than ethical experiment.

"I need to go." Will proclaims, his fear finally bubbling over.

"What's wrong?" Hannibal asks.

"I just—I need to go." Will says again.

"Where will you go?"

"Home, I guess. I don't think my dad will try anything now."

Hannibal wants to stop him, wants to tell him to stay far away from his father. Will looked at Hannibal as if he were a scared, caged animal. Hannibal considered grasping Will's bicep to get him to stop, but he fears the man wouldn't be receptive to touch right now in his panicked state.

Hannibal is at a loss, why would Will suddenly appear afraid of him? Will's anxiety and fear comes off him in waves and Hannibal's nose picks up the sour, yet earthy scent. Hannibal feels an obligation to keep Will away from his father. If he goes home and his father hurts him, Hannibal wouldn't be able to forgive himself.

Aside from physically stopping Will, Hannibal sees no other recourse. Will is moving quickly around the house, gathering his things, his hands shaking.

"Will, stop." Hannibal tries, but it's like Will can't hear him.

Hannibal decides to grab Will by the shoulders to get the man to stop. He can't let him go back to his father. If his father hurts him, Hannibal won't be able to stop himself from killing the man with his bare hands. When Hannibal makes contact with Will, Will freezes, looking up at Hannibal mouth agape and utter terror on his face. He futilely tries to free himself from Hannibal's grasp but he's too strong.

"Calm down, Will." Hannibal orders, and this time Will hears him. Will takes a few gasping breaths and begins to calm down.

They sit on the couch, Hannibal finally being able to release Will from his grasp. "Now, can you tell me what's got you so worked up?"

Hannibal's tone demands honesty and Will finds himself telling the truth. When he says what he's thinking out loud, he feels bad about it. Hannibal hasn't given him a reason to think of him in this way. Nonetheless, Hannibal is there, reassuring Will that he cares for him. Hannibal's tolerance for Will is maddening. He still fails to understand what Hannibal sees in him.

Will has it in his head that everyone he cares about is either going to hurt him or abandon him. When he dwells on the idea for too long, it feels like his heart has been flayed and ripped right out of his chest. The feeling is crushing, knocking the breath out of Will like punch to the gut.

"I don't—I don't want you to get tired of me," Will admits. "I'm terrified of being alone."

"As long as I am able, you will not be alone. Not because you could not handle it, but because I love you. I am here for you."

Will closes his eyes, allowing Hannibal's words to soothe his aching heart like aloe on a sunburn. In the end, Will decides he will stay with Hannibal. In all honesty, he likes being with the man. He misses his dogs, sure, but it's nice sharing a space with someone he cares about.

The remainder of the weekend is quiet, and when Monday rolls around, Will feels ready to get back to work.

"Anything new?" Will asks when he arrives.

"I've been working on the lead from the school. The guy definitely used a fake name because I can't find any info on a Ben or Benjamin that fits the profile. No other boys have gone missing though." Beverly says.

"He might be aware that we are on to him. He's smart, he's not going to abduct anyone while the FBI is snooping around." Will says. "Killers like this have to be intelligent to do what they do without getting caught."

Even though the camera that would have caught the man putting up the flyer in the school was broken, they still go through all the security tapes from the last month. Over the weekend, agents scoured the tapes, looking for anything out of the ordinary and they found something. A man was in the school, but his image doesn't match any current or former employee. He doesn't belong there.

They take stills of the video and go back to the school once more. And finally, they get a break in the case. The principal recognizes the man. He's a groundskeeper they hired for a short time several months ago, he works for a landscaping company and his name is Richard, not Ben.

He is still currently employed with the company and they give them his current address, he lives in Woodbridge. They assemble a SWAT team and prepare to raid the man's home. The SWAT team breaches the front door, Will and Jack circle around the house to ensure the man doesn't attempt to escape.

“Hey!” Will calls out, the man is climbing out the back window. Will has his weapon drawn, pointing at the suspect.

The man turns around and draws a pistol of his own, pointing it at Will. At that, in fear for his life, he pulls the trigger. 3 times. Landing each bullet into the suspect’s chest. He falls to the ground, dead. Jack calls out that the suspect is down, and to call an ambulance. Will knows it’s useless, the man is clearly dead, having been shot in the heart.

“Good work, Will.” Jack says, placing a hand on Will’s shoulder.

“Did they find the boys?” Will asks, holstering his weapon. He knows he will have a lot of paperwork to do because of this, but that’s not important to him now.

“Not yet.” Jack says.

“They haven’t checked the shed yet, right?” Will asks, pointing to the structure in the backyard. Jack confirms they haven’t so Will heads over to it. The door is chained shut.

Will calls for some bolt cutters to open the door. Once inside, there’s an opening into the ground. This latch is not locked so Will is able to open it and go down the stairs. In the dark room, he finds the missing boys, all alive.

They are huddled together, chains on their wrists. They’re wearing thin, dirty shorts and nothing else. There are a variety of injuries on each of the boys and they appear terrified. Will crouches down, using a soothing tone of voice.

“It’s alright, we’re going to get you out of here.”

He uses the bolt cutter to free each boy from the chains and helps them out of the room. They are weak and pale, likely having not been outside since they were taken. Will doesn’t need to ask the boys what happened, he knows. Not only by the pattern of their injuries, but by the injuries on the body they found.

Once in interrogation, the man admits to prostituting the boys out to area men. In exchange for taking the death penalty off the table, he agrees to give them a list of names and addresses for the men who paid him. He says killing the other boy was an accident. He’d tried to escape and had to be subdued. He went too far and killed the boy. Will, watching from outside the room curls his lip in disgust.

“Hey, at least we saved some lives today. We don’t usually get to do that.” Beverly reminds him as she watches next to him.

“Right.” Will agrees, but he still finds himself imagining killing the man on the other side of the glass.

Chapter End Notes

Y’all ever have a sex dream about your parents? I have and it’s all kinds of fucked up, so of course I have to put Will through it.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> In fanfiction, drugs can do whatever you want them to.
> I also had this chapter written like a week ago, but decided I hated it and rewrote it. So that's why it took so long.

Will decides he wants to try age regression therapy and heads back to Hannibal's to tell him of his decision after leaving work. He's not sure if it's the case that made him decide or something else. Things have been relatively quiet with his father. He wonders if he should go visit soon. *Visiting his father in his own house,* he laughs.

Hannibal is receptive to the news that Will wants to try age regression. He's more interested in getting further inside Will's head than he wants to admit, so he devises a way to make it even more thorough.

"I'd like to give you an injection of sodium thiopental before we try age regression." Hannibal says.

"Isn't that what some people think of as a truth serum?" Will asks, bewildered.

"Yes, exactly. This will assist us in identifying where in your childhood we should be focusing our attention on. It is a bit, ah, unorthodox, but as you know, I am quite unorthodox."

Hannibal knows they could do this, and do it well without this step, but his curiosity is getting the best of him and he can't find it in himself to resist. This treatment isn't used as often as it used to be, and it's really only employed in a few countries such as India as a way to interrogate people. Then, of course, there's Chilton who uses it on his patients.

Will nods his agreement and Hannibal prepares a syringe with the drug. He injects Will and they wait a few minutes for the drug to kick in.

Will quickly feels lightheaded, like he's trapped somewhere between a dream and reality. Hannibal is talking to him, but he sounds so far away. He closes his eyes, focusing as much as he can on Hannibal's voice.

"I want you to imagine you're sitting in front of a television, and playing on that television are events from your childhood. They are not happening to you now, but you can see it with clarity unlike you ever have before. Pay attention to what is happening and do not try to stop it." Hannibal guides.

Will, in his trance-like state finds that he is sitting in front of a television and he's watching himself, no more than 8 years old. He is terrified, so terrified in fact, he can feel it as if it's happening now. His father is screaming, and throwing things. Will is hiding under his bed with the lights off. He's not sure if he did something to make his father mad, but nonetheless, he's trying his hardest to stay out of sight.

"Will! Get the fuck out here!" His dad screams. His dad knows where he is. Will always hides in the same place. It doesn't stop him from crying out when his dad grips his ankle and pulls him out from under the bed. Will is face to face with his father now, he can smell the man's breath and knows he's been drinking. Will closes his eyes tightly, trying to block out the sights before him, but he hears Hannibal's voice distantly telling him to open his eyes and he does.

His dad is yelling at him, but the words aren't making sense. His dad's large hands come to his throat and squeeze. Will gasps for breath that won't come, clawing at his dad's hands. His dad has done this many times throughout his childhood, always making Will believe each time is the last. He loses consciousness and when he comes to some time later, he feels almost disappointed that he's woken up at all.

With a sore and aching throat, Will rasps a question, "what did I do?" But he knows.

His crime is that he exists. His father has never liked him much, probably because he blames Will for the loss of his wife. Will wasn't a particularly difficult child, but he had his moments. He should have tried harder to be a good kid for his parents.

Will comes to with a desperate gasp, clutching his hands around his throat, tears leaking from his eyes. He breathes heavily, surprised for a moment that his throat is not sore, but quickly recalls where he is. He still feels like he's the 8 year old being pulled out from under the bed and he sobs, holding himself in his arms.

"I remembered something—nothing important I don't think, but it was a memory I'd forgotten." He says finally, voice scratchy from crying.

"You were acting it out, your father seems to have a penchant for choking you?" Hannibal asks.

"Yeah, uh, I guess so." Will answers, looking down at his feet. "How long was I out?"

"About 2 hours."

"Didn't feel like that long. It started like you told me, with me in front of a television watching it play out, but at some point, I put myself into the memory. It felt like it was actually happening again." Will whispers.

Hannibal knew this would most likely happen, but he considered it a worthwhile risk. He does not want Will to forgive his father, and making him re-experience the trauma seems like a good way to ensure he won't.

"I was thinking earlier today that I should go visit my father, but I don't think I can look at him right now." Will says.

“I think it’s for the best that you continue to stay away from him while we go through these memories.” Hannibal says, further reinforcing that Will doesn’t need his father.

Since his father abused Will multiple times over his childhood, it’s likely that Will has forgotten specific instances and instead views them as similar events. It’s not important for the brain to remember each individual event like a new piece of information. Truthfully, Hannibal doesn’t know if there’s a good therapeutic reason to make Will recall specific memories.

“Why do I need to recall all of these memories?” Will asks.

Hannibal must think quickly to give Will a legitimate answer. Will is smart and he’ll be able to see through a lie.

“I think it will assist you in knowing who you are. Having a better grasp of your memories and experiences can be a gauge to tell you what’s real.” Hannibal says.

Will takes it in, giving Hannibal a curious look.

“Do you feel responsible for the abuse you suffered at the hands of your father?” Hannibal asks.

“No—I mean, yes. Maybe?” Will answers. At his core, he feels responsible. His father wouldn’t have treated him so poorly if he didn’t deserve it, right?

“What else are you thinking?” Hannibal questions, seeing the gears turning in Will’s mind.

“My dad—he wouldn’t just hurt me for no reason, right? I must’ve done *something* to deserve it.”

“You were a child, Will. He was your parent. Nothing you did or didn’t do was a reason for him to treat you so poorly.” Hannibal says gently.

Logically, Will knows that. He was a child, he didn’t deserve to be treated that way, but he still finds himself feeling like it was his fault.

“I hate that I still feel like a child on the inside. Someone gets upset with me, and it’s like I’m a kid again. The emotions are sometimes too strong to deal with in a healthy way, it’s why I used to drink.” Will laments. “And sometimes, I still get the urge to hurt myself. And I probably do, just not in the ways that leave scars.”

“There are many ways to hurt yourself, none less damaging than another.” Hannibal says.

He finds that he wants to touch Will, maybe place a hand on his shoulder as comfort, but Will has that look in his eyes. They’re wide, glassy, and he seems to be coiled tight like a spring. Hannibal thinks Will wouldn’t respond positively to touch right now.

“I think it’s important that you listen to yourself. The child inside you is speaking and it would be remiss to ignore it.”

Will looks up at Hannibal, meeting his eyes. He scrunches his eyebrows together, in thought.

“I don’t think I ever really got to be a kid.” Will whispers dismally.

“You were too focused on survival. Your brain did what it had to do to ensure you stayed alive.” Hannibal tells him.

Will knows how the traumatized brain works, but he has never applied the concepts to himself. It’s not a good thought to know that as a child, his body was constantly in fight or flight mode. Always being on alert like that really takes a toll on you, and does even more so as a child.

“Do you recall any happy memories from your childhood?” Hannibal asks.

“A few, I guess. Going fishing and camping with my dad, but aside from that, most of my life seems like a blur. It’s frustrating to only really be able to remember the bad parts.”

“I imagine it is.” Hannibal agrees. He doesn’t say that he remembers his own childhood in the same way, this is not his therapy session, it’s Will’s.

“I think that’s enough for one day.” Hannibal declares. Will agrees. He still feels odd from the drug Hannibal injected him with.

They eat a quick meal and get in the shower together. Standing behind Will, Hannibal snakes his hands around his waist and places gentle kisses along his shoulders. Will makes a small sound of pleasure, and tilts his head to the side to give Hannibal access to his neck.

Will reaches back, touching the wet hair on Hannibal’s head, gently tugging it. Hannibal kisses and nips at Will’s neck, eliciting a number of sighs and moans from the man. Will presses his back into Hannibal’s chest, craving the closeness. He can feel the erection against his ass and it makes his own cock twitch in interest. Hannibal spins Will around to kiss his mouth. It begins as a light kiss, but soon evolves into a desperate one, tongues exploring each other’s mouths and teeth clacking together as the kiss becomes clumsier.

Will drops to his knees, breaking the kiss. From his new position, he looks up at Hannibal and sees the desire in his eyes. Hannibal opens his mouth, as if to say something, but the words are quickly swallowed when Will takes his cock in his mouth. Hannibal sighs, relishing the warm heat of Will’s mouth. He looks down, watching Will’s head bob back and forth, and seeing his cheeks hollow to make more suction.

Will’s hands are placed in his lap, over his own cock but not touching it. Will’s face is flushed red, water from the shower beating down on it, getting in his eyes and probably his nose. Hannibal reaches over quickly and turns the shower off. If Will didn’t have his mouth full, he’d say thank you, but his mouth if otherwise occupied.

“Touch yourself,” Hannibal commands. Will immediately takes himself in his hand and strokes slowly, as if he was waiting for permission.

Will moans around Hannibal's cock and the vibration feels amazing. Hannibal looks down at Will again, watching the man tug at his cock while blowing him and it is quite possibly the most beautiful sight Hannibal has even witnessed.

"Can you cum like this? Hand on your cock, my cock in your mouth?" Hannibal asks.

Will nods and says yes, though it doesn't sound like a yes. It sounds more like a grunt.

"Come for me, then." Hannibal demands. A few seconds later, Will is cumming into his hand, moaning onto Hannibals cock. He continues the blow job and soon, Hannibal is cumming down his throat. After his orgasm is finished, Will removes his mouth, ensuring he cleans Hannibal's cock as he goes.

They finish the shower and get dressed quietly, every so often, sharing looks with each other. Will is surprised at how much adoration he finds in Hannibal's gaze. Hannibal is still surprised too, he didn't think he was capable of feeling like this, but Will seems to challenge all of his preconceived notions. Will's sleep that night isn't plagued by nightmares, instead, he sleeps dreamlessly, Hannibal's solid arm around him.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Hannibal's alarm clock goes off, Will groans. He's so warm and comfortable. He briefly considers calling Jack and telling him he won't be in today, but decides against it since Hannibal has appointments. Hannibal stirs as well, reaching over to silence the alarm clock and sliding out of bed. Before he leaves, he runs his hand through Will's curls, eliciting a pleased noise from him.

A few minutes later, Will begrudgingly gets out of bed and gets dressed. Hannibal pours him a cup of coffee when he sits down at the table. He can't help but think about how domestic this feels, Hannibal making breakfast, serving him coffee. He laughs to himself at the absurdity.

Later, when Will gets to work, Jack tells him there's been a murder that's eerily similar to the Marlow murders he worked what feels like a lifetime ago. They never caught the killer then and it didn't seem like he had killed since, so the case went cold. This new murder, though, has too many similarities to not consider that it has been done by the same person.

"The Jacobi family was murdered in their home the night of the full moon. The killer cut Mr. Jacobi's neck and shot their two children. He was not as kind to Mrs. Jacobi, torturing her to death and then placing glass over her eyes post-mortem." Jack says, eyes skimming over the case files and photos.

"Whoever did this is an experienced marksman and takes care in planning his victims. He leaves behind virtually no evidence and has a fixation on the women of the families he murders." Will adds.

"Considering the brutality of Mrs. Marlow as well, it seems he has an underlying issue with women—those who are mothers, specifically. Perhaps his mother was abusive, or abandoned him. He's angry." Will continues.

When they arrive at the Jacobi house, Will goes inside alone first, since everyone expects him to do his thing. They don't know he's struggled with it since Matthew. He has to use his deduction skills more than he ever has before. He can easily piece together the scene. The killer shoots the boys, slices the fathers throat when he awakens to the ruckus, and then tortures and finally kills the mother. Why does he place mirror shards onto her eyes?

Perhaps it's a form of self reflection. Does he want to see himself from the eyes of his victims? Maybe he wants to see how he's changed with each kill. He's likely suffering from some kind of psychosis with the way he kills based on the lunar cycle.

Will exits the house, feeling like he does not have any new insight on the killer, but tells the team what he thinks anyway. If they don't think it's normal, they don't say anything. He begins to wonder why they even ask for his help anymore. Anyone of them—Jack, Beverly,

Price, or Zeller—could come up with the information he does. He feels utterly *useless* without being able to get into the mind of the killers.

“I was thinking,” Will begins once they’re in the car, “maybe I should go back to teaching at Quantico.”

“Why?” Jack asks.

“I just—I don’t feel like I’m being very useful as of late.” Will admits, not looking at Jack.

“You’re an invaluable member of this team, Will.” Jack replies.

“I’m having issues empathizing and I worry I won’t be of any use if I can’t do it anymore.”

“You’re brilliant, you’ll still see things nobody else can.”

“It’s just… hard. I need to take a step back, I think.” Will admits.

Jack looks disappointed but agrees to give Will some time away. His skillset lends itself well to teaching at the FBI academy, his knowledge making up for his lack of social skills. He finishes out the day and heads back to Hannibal’s. He briefly wonders if Hannibal will react poorly but finds he worries for nothing since Hannibal tells him to do whatever he thinks is best. He feels at ease that night, sleeping soundly against Hannibal.

He wonders how the case is going after he finishes his first day of teaching, but reminds himself he’s the reason he doesn’t know and it’s probably best he doesn’t know the gory details. He spends some time in the lecture hall, going over his notes and organizing things for tomorrow. Teaching and planning lectures, Will feels more at ease than he ever does working in the field.

On his way out to his car, he calls Hannibal.

“I’m going to stop by my house before I head your way,” He informs him.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” comes Hannibal’s reply.

“No, but I want to check on the dogs.”

The call ends and Will drives to Wolf Trap, listening to a classic rock radio station.

When he pulls up to the house, something seems off. His dogs are barking madly and his dad’s car is there, but the snow on the ground looks pristine, like nobody has been out in it in the last two days. He gets out of the car and walks to the front door. When he tries the knob, it opens. The door wasn’t locked. He steps inside and is immediately assaulted by the cloying smell of blood. The metallic scent overtaking his senses and making his eyes water.

He walks past the dogs, calling out for his father. He goes room by room in search of the man, but comes up empty handed. The last room to be searched is the bathroom. The door is shut and he can see the light on and shining underneath the door. He takes a deep breath and walks down the hall and opens the door.

There, slumped in the bathtub, is his father. His skin pale with a blue tint and there's blood spattered all over the walls and tub. His father has killed himself, and if he had to guess, he'd say he's been in here like this for at least a few hours. He's obviously dead, so Will doesn't waste any time checking for a pulse. He shakily pulls out his phone and dials Hannibal's number. Why does he call Hannibal before the police? He doesn't know.

"Will?" Hannibal answers after the first ring.

"My dad—he's… dead," Will whispers, tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Have you called Jack?" Hannibal asks calmly.

"No—I came in and saw him and just pulled out my phone and called you."

"Call Jack, I am on my way." Hannibal instructs.

Will hangs up and calls Jack. Jack arrives quickly, the team in tow. It's clear his father's death was a suicide, and it turns out, he even left a note. Will reads it, the note shaking in his hands.

"Will,

I know I was never the father you needed and I'm sorry. I can't take back the things I did to you and the ways I hurt you. If I could, I would. These past weeks, living here in your house with your dogs without you here, made me realize I do not deserve your forgiveness, should you ever want to give it. I don't blame you for wanting to stay away from me. I am dying anyway, but I thought this would be the best way to make things up to you. For you to be free of me once and for all.

Love,

Dad"

Will wipes the tears from his eyes and hands the note to Beverly, since they'll want to take it for evidence. Beverly does not read it, she takes it and immediately places it in an evidence bag. Will is numb as he hears everyone milling about his home, cameras shuttering every few seconds. People talking about the time of death and the method of death. It's a clear cut suicide, he hears Zeller say. His father sliced his carotid artery and bled out in less than a minute. He didn't suffer, someone tells him.

Will is numb. His father is dead. He'd kind of thought he'd be the one to kill the man, but his father took that away from him, too. In a way, he supposes, he is responsible for his father's death. If he had just blindly forgiven him and put up with the abuse, his father wouldn't have been eaten alive with guilt. He'd still be alive.

He is sitting on the steps leading up to his front door when Hannibal arrives. He steps out into the cold air, his face carefully solemn. Will knows Hannibal isn't bothered by death and he knows he had wanted to kill his father. He wonders, if Hannibal had killed his dad, what organs would he have taken? The liver, the kidneys, or the heart even?

“Will? Let’s go. Alana is going to come pick up your dogs.” Hannibal says.

“No—no, Winston.” Will chokes out, his hands in the dog’s fur.

“Winston can come with us.” Hannibal relents immediately. His home isn’t made for dogs, but he can tell Will needs Winston right now.

“Okay,” Will says, getting up, Winston following happily behind him.

Hannibal spreads a towel down in his back seat, cringing internally when Winston jumps up and immediately pushes the towel to the side.

The car ride passes in silence, Will resting his head against the door, eyes open, but not seeing. He’s not sure how he feels. His father was never a good man and had spent his fair share of time plaguing Will’s nightmares. Will wanted so badly for he and his father to get along. The pain in his chest threatens to overtake him when he recalls how deeply he had wished his father would actually behave like a father.

“This doesn’t feel complete.” Will finally says.

“What doesn’t?” Hannibal asks.

“My dad—his death. I always imagined killing him myself, or even the cancer taking him. He never struck me as someone who would commit suicide.”

“People often manage to surprise us.” Hannibal says.

Will knows there’s no point in asking questions only his father can answer. There’s also no point in having regrets over what he should or shouldn’t have done. The outcome cannot change, no matter how much he wishes it could. He finds himself unable to banish the anger he feels toward his father. It feels like he took the easy way out. Instead of truly owning up to his wrongdoings, he killed himself.

Will has never been comfortable sitting with the finality of death. Instead, he focuses on things like stages of decomposition and manner of death. Even in his job, he doesn’t look at the deceased and spend time thinking about what it must be like to be dead, no—he’s thinking about whoever killed them. He’s concerned only with the living and how they relate to those who have died.

When they arrive at Hannibal’s, Will gets Winston out and leads him to the small yard to allow him to relieve himself. Will would be extremely embarrassed if Winston came into Hannibal’s pristine home and lifted his leg to pee on the furniture. He’s glad to have Winston with him, though. Winston has always gravitated toward him more than the rest of his pack and he thinks Winston misses him just as much as he misses Winston.

Winston trots inside, happily making himself comfortable on the rug in front of the fireplace. Will smiles at the dog, thinking he looks quite at home here. Hannibal on the other hand, is inwardly kicking himself for allowing the dog into his home. He can’t stop thinking about the dog’s hair that will inevitably get stuck in his furniture, floor, and clothing.

“Y’know, Winston doesn’t shed much.” Will says, sensing Hannibal’s discomfort.

“You’re not a dog person, are you?” Will asks, sitting next to Hannibal on the couch.

“I’m not a pet person, honestly.” Hannibal admits. “I’m not keen on the idea of having something be totally dependent on me in the way pets are.”

“So you probably never wanted kids either, then?”

“You’re correct. I never felt like parenthood was conducive to my particular… lifestyle.”

Will understands that. He can imagine how difficult hunting would be if he had a kid to worry about. Not to mention, though Hannibal is brilliant, Will’s not sure he would be able to nurture a child in the way they would need.

Will rests his head on Hannibal’s shoulder and sighs. He’s exhausted and it’s now hitting him like a ton of bricks.

“I’m not working tomorrow, since my dad offed himself and all.” Will lazily says, his eyes falling closed.

Hannibal stays on the couch, reading a book for quite some time. Will is sleeping, snoring softly with his head now in Hannibal’s lap. He’d slowly began shifting lower as he slept, and Hannibal could only adjust himself minutely to make Will comfortable without waking him.

Will begins to groan in his sleep, his face scrunching up in discomfort. The noise stirs Winston, who gets up and trots over to his sleeping master on the couch. Winston nudges Will’s face and licks his cheek, which wakes Will. He drowsily strokes Winston’s furs and looks up at Hannibal.

“How long was I out?” Will asks.

“About an hour.” Hannibal answers after glancing at his watch.

While Will was asleep, he was on the precipice of falling headfirst into a nightmare. Winston could sense this and woke him up before it got bad. He’s endlessly appreciative of the dog and grateful that Hannibal is allowing Winston to stay with him.

Chapter End Notes

Another chapter in which I give Will my own trauma lol.
I lost someone to suicide in this way, it wasn't my father though.

Rarely do things end cleanly, and in the real world we don't get to kill people who wrong us (without consequence lol). Sometimes things end messy and we don't get true closure. Life hurts.

I would like Will to find closure, but it won't be found in killing his father.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will ends up taking 2 weeks off work and when he goes back, he doesn't go back to teaching. He's out in the field again, hoping to engage his mind with his work since it's been in an exceptionally dark place since his father's death. He's been unable to revisit the idea of age regression with Hannibal and he feels stuck. If he can't do anything for himself, at least he can try to be useful for the FBI.

The killer Freddie Lounds has dubbed 'The Tooth Fairy' has killed again. This time it's the Leeds family, and the mother was tortured and had glass placed on her eyes postmortem just like the Jacobi family. Will feels some fleeting guilt that he could have prevented it, but the thought doesn't stick around long. If he had gone to work, he wouldn't have been much use he reasons.

The difference between these murders and the previous ones is a newspaper clipping the killer deliberately left behind. It's an old story from Will's time in the BSHCI. The Tooth Fairy is trying to get his attention, and it's likely the killer is reading the news about himself as well. Will sighs. He's tired of being the subject of interest for psychopaths.

"I think we should draw the killer out with a news story. It's clear he's paying attention and is interested in you." Jack says.

Will can't hide the displeasure on his face at being so easily offered up as bait. He often feels like they don't value his safety, pushing him to dangerous lengths just to catch killers. What happens if one day he gets killed because of their recklessness with his life?

"Okay. How?" Will asks, instead of voicing his concerns.

They bring Freddie into the loop, since she will be the best way to disseminate a false story.

"What if we use his father's suicide as a way to call into question his sanity again?" Freddie suggests, making a point not to look at Will, who is glaring at her.

Will reminds himself they don't know how turbulent his relationship with his dad was. He likes to think if they knew, they wouldn't use this avenue to draw the killer out. They agree that it'll work, since the tooth fairy likely has problems with his own parents.

"We should have 3 weeks before he kills again, but let's get this started sooner rather than later." Jack says.

Will hates the sympathetic look he keeps getting from Beverly. She's always been perceptive —not like him, but still more than most. As he leaves for the day, she falls into step beside him, offering words of comfort.

“I think what Jack’s doing is pretty shitty.” She says, once they’re out of earshot.

Will shrugs, “he’s doing whatever he can to catch a killer. If it puts me in danger, so be it.”

“I’m your friend Will. I don’t care about the lives we save so much as I care about yours.”

Will half-smiles, “that sounds like something Hannibal said to me before I ended up in the BSHCI.”

“You’ve got me in your corner, too, then.” She reminds him as they part ways.

Will walks outside into the cool air, pulling out his phone to call Hannibal, but he never dials the number, because someone ambushes him from behind. The assailant shoves a cloth over his nose and mouth, and Will’s last coherent thought is that it’s chloroform.

Sometime later, Will comes to, vision blurry and head feeling stuffed with cotton. He immediately takes stock of his surroundings, he’s in a dimly lit room, strapped to a chair, facing the corner. He notices he’s been stripped down to his underwear and a shiver runs through him. He tests the restraints on his wrists and they’re secure. He finds the same thing with his ankle restraints.

He quickly surmises that he must have been grabbed by the tooth fairy, but he wonders if this was somehow part of Jack’s plan. He doesn’t think so, so he doubts anyone will be looking for him so soon. *Soon?* He thinks. He doesn’t even know how long he was unconscious for.

“Ah, you’re awake.” A voice from behind him says.

“And you’re the tooth fairy?” Will replies.

This angers the man and Will hears the sound of his footsteps approach Will’s corner. He unconsciously gulps at the sound. When he’s whirled around in his chair, he’s met with a tall man who has a facial deformity. A cleft lip repair, Will supplies internally.

“I am the great red dragon!” The man roars. Will watches as the man tears off his shirt and turns around, giving Will a view of his dragon tattoo.

“What do you want with me?” Will asks.

“You were trying to hunt me, were you not?” The dragon asks.

“Yes, I was.” Will admits. The dragon knows who he is so he sees no point in lying.

“I want you to *join* me,” The dragon whispers, close to Will’s face. “You can become a dragon too.”

Will bites back the urge to say no, and instead nods mutely.

He shudders when the dragon leans forward and sniffs the side of Will’s neck.

“You’re afraid?” The dragon guesses. *Maybe this guy has a nose like Hannibal’s,* Will thinks.

“Do you want to kill me?” Will answers without answering. *Of course he’s afraid,* he thinks bitterly.

“Not if it can be avoided.” The dragon answers.

“Why me?” Will then asks.

“You are special. You should be able to understand me and my desires.”

“I can’t do that anymore.” Will says before he realizes it.

The dragon looks at him angrily, locking eyes with Will. The dragon believes him to be telling the truth, but *why*? He backs away and leaves Will to his own devices. Will continues trying to loosen the binds on his wrists and feels as if the right bind has loosened just a bit. Not enough to slip his hand through, but enough to give him hope.

The dragon leaves Will alone for what feels like an eternity and he’s made little progress in freeing his right hand. Eventually, he can no longer ignore the growing pressure in his bladder and thinks he’s going to piss himself. He briefly wonders why they never show this in movies where people are abducted and restrained for hours. Do those people just never have to go to the bathroom? *He’s been tied up too long,* he thinks with a humorless laugh. He leans his head back and sighs in frustration. He’s not even sure the dragon is still in the building with him.

A few more minutes go by, and finally, the dragon returns. He seems calmer, and Will wonders what he did to blow off steam. He also wonders if he even really wants to know.

“Dragon, look, I understand you want someone to understand you and I can do that, but I *really* have to piss. Let me go to the bathroom and I’m yours.” Will pleads.

The dragon looks at him curiously and nods. He bends down to undo Will’s ankle restraints and then moves to his wrists. With Will freed, the dragon takes his hands and puts them behind his back, zip tying them there.

“How am I supposed to, you know, pee, with my hands behind my back?” Will asks nervously.

“I’ll help.”

Will sighs, hoping the dragon will keep it clinical but he knows he’s never been lucky in the past. Being led through the dimly lit house makes Will nervous and he gulps when they reach the bathroom. He walks inside, standing in front of the toilet and squeezes his eyes shut, hoping to block out whatever is going to be done to him.

He feels the dragon’s large hands hook into his underwear and then he’s pulling them down, just enough to free his cock. The dragon’s hands are cold and Will can’t suppress a shudder.

Having his hands zip tied behind him and someone other than Hannibal touching him makes his chest tight with fear.

He is breathing heavily, feeling tears leak out of his eyes. To the dragon's credit, though, he keeps his touches clinical. Will's heart feels like it's going to beat right out of his chest and he briefly wonders why this scares him more than the threat of death.

As he relieves himself, he feels a little bit better, but is thrown right into a flashback when he feels the dragon squeeze his cock. He doesn't know what the dragon is trying to do, but Will's mind goes right back to Matthew. His hands on his body, his fingers opening him up painfully, Will's useless limbs tied to the bed. The fellatio Matthew preformed on him. Will shrieks and jerks away from the dragon, surprising himself when he actually gets free of him. The dragon is caught off guard too and stumbles to the side, narrowly avoiding crashing down into the bathtub.

Will runs, trying to pull his underwear back up and find the door. He finds the door and tries to open it, but it's locked. The dragon seems to have taken many precautions before bringing Will here. Getting out isn't going to be easy. Will bolts to the kitchen when he hears the dragon stomping down the hallway. He opens a drawer with his hands behind his back and finds a small knife. He uses it to try and cut the ties on his wrists, but he drops it. Scrambling to pick it up, he grabs it and this time, he slices through the ties, cutting his wrist as well.

With his hands free, he can fight. The dragon runs at him but Will notices the knife the dragon has too late and his stabbing Will in the cheek. It punctures the soft flesh there and Will can feel the cool metal against his tongue. Shocked by the wound, Will allows himself to be bodily thrown across the kitchen. His back landing painfully on the glass table, shattering it.

Will gets up, dazed, but still trying to fight. He's bleeding profusely from his facial wound and he's sure there's glass lodged in his back, but he knows if he gives up now, the dragon is going to kill him. He grasps the knife still stuck in his face and pulls it out in one quick motion causing the wound to bleed even more, but now at least he is armed and the dragon is not.

He runs toward the dragon, knife in hand and jumps onto the larger man, stabbing him in the shoulder. The dragon roars in pain and reaches up to remove the blade, but Will has already done so and is jumping off the dragon, ready to attack again. This time, Will stabs lower, hitting the dragon in the leg, just above the knee. The dragon howls and he's losing a lot of blood now. Will thinks he may have nicked an artery, watching the blood pool below the dragon. He sees the dragon become pale and watches as he stumbles and falls backward onto the kitchen floor. The dragon is slumped against the cabinets and trying not to lose consciousness.

Will debates on whether or not he should just kill the man now, but decides against it, worried about how it'll look to Jack and the FBI if he does so when his life is not longer in immediate danger. He makes it outside, easily able to turn the lock on the door with his hands free. He steps outside and it's daytime but he immediately begins shivering since he is dressed in only his underwear. He quickly flags someone down and asks to use their phone. They hand it over and he calls Jack, telling him quickly what happened and where he is.

Once the phone call ends, the stranger offers Will a blanket and he accepts gladly, too tired to worry about bleeding on it.

“So what’s your name?” She asks.

“Will.” He answers through chattering teeth.

“I can tell something bad happened but I won’t be nosy.” She says. “My name is Molly.”

“Thanks, Molly.”

It turns out the dragon had kept Will just outside Baltimore, not far from Hannibal’s so Hannibal arrives first.

“Did Jack call you?” Will questions.

“Yes.” Hannibal answers, rushing to Will’s side with his first aid kit in tow.

“You didn’t mention to Jack that you were injured. This wound on your cheek looks severe.” Hannibal chastises.

“It didn’t occur to me, I was just glad to be out.” Will admits sheepishly.

Hannibal cleans the wound thoroughly and places gauze over it, stating that it will be easier to care for in the hospital. Will shrugs, not wishing to disagree considering he does have a sizable stab wound on his face. Hannibal calls an ambulance and it arrives minutes after Jack does. Will points to the house the dragon kept him at and armed agents go inside. Will watches but finds himself too exhausted to keep his eyes open and they fall shut.

Chapter End Notes

Y'all ever watch a movie or TV show and where a character is held hostage for a length of time? WHY DO THEY NEVER HAVE TO PEE?!

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> This chapter includes age regression. Will regresses to six years old because I don't know anything about toddlers or babies lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will comes to, the first thing he hears is the beeping of the machine next to the bed. He immediately knows he's in the hospital. He cracks open his eyes, looking around. He sees Hannibal asleep in the chair next to the bed. He wonders how long he's been there.

"Oh! You're up!" A nurse exclaims as she walks into the room. She tells him she will get the doctor and leaves hastily.

At the commotion, Hannibal wakes up as well. He smiles at Will, leaning toward him to take his hand in his own. Before they can speak to one another, the doctor comes in and begins his spiel on Will's injuries—the only concerning one being the stab wound in his cheek.

"It took quite a few stitches to get you patched up and I'm afraid this is going to scar, but over time it should fade and be less noticeable. There's still some swelling in your mouth so you might have some trouble talking. Just go slow." The friendly doctor tells him. He then asks if Will needs anything and when he shakes his head, the doctor leaves.

"So how do I look?" Will asks, turning to Hannibal with what he thinks is a smile.

"Just as beautiful as always, mylimasis." Hannibal answers.

"Mylimasis?" Will asks.

"It is a Lithuanian word meaning beloved." Hannnibal explains.

Will smiles at that, though his smile looks more like a grimace with the stitching and swelling.

The nurses continue to monitor Will and they prepare him for discharge that afternoon. He was only admitted because he'd lost a considerable amount of blood and needed minor surgery for his wound. They gave him antibiotics, told him to keep his cheek clean, and sent him on his way.

Once out in Hannibal's car, Will asks "Did Jack get the dragon?".

"The dragon? You mean the tooth fairy?" Hannibal questions.

“He doesn’t—doesn’t like to be called that.” Will says lowly.

“The FBI apprehended him and he’s being treated for his injuries.” Hannibal tells him.

Hannibal wants to ask why Will let the man live, but doesn’t. Will probably had a good reason, and the restraint not to do anything impulsive.

“I didn’t kill him because I’d gotten free and had incapacitated him. Killing him would’ve been… well, overkill.” Will says after a moment.

When they get home, to Hannibal’s home, Will gets a call from Jack. He wants to talk about what happened. Will sighs heavily and agrees, telling Jack he can come by anytime he wants. Just before sundown, Jack arrives, Beverly in tow.

Winston excitedly greets the agents, wagging his tail happily as Beverly bends down to pet the soft fur on his head. Hannibal ushers them to the living room where they all sit down. Will was already there, sitting with his legs underneath him and a blanket on his lap. For all that’s happened, he feels pretty content.

“Was this,” Will begins, his voice rough, “your plan?”

“No. What we’d discussed was the plan. We weren’t going to spring this on you without you being aware.” Jack assures him.

Will looks at him cautiously and then looks to Beverly, as if to gauge whether or not Jack is telling the truth. He thinks he is but Beverly’s face isn’t giving anything away.

“I just… I could’ve been killed, or *worse*.” Will says, hating how pathetic he sounds.

“I know, but you’re a badass. You got yourself out of there. I think many agents wouldn’t have fared so well.” Beverly says with a smile.

“Back to the topic at hand, I want to ask you some questions about your time with Francis Dolarhyde.” Jack says.

“He never told me his name, only that he was the great red dragon.” Will mentions. “He wanted me to be… like him.”

Jack looks at Will expectantly, waiting for the man to elaborate.

“He knows about my empathy disorder, and he thinks I’m the only one who can understand him. I don’t think he was going to kill me.” Will explains, his face beginning to ache.

At the very least, they have Dolarhyde on kidnapping and assault charges, but they suspect they’ll find evidence of his murders once they finish going through his home. Hannibal offers them some wine and some light snacks since he hasn’t had a chance to make his usually elaborate meals.

Will declines the food, his face aching and ruining his appetite. He can’t help but dwell on what happened to him. He feels like he’s got a target on his back now. How many times does

one have to be assaulted for everyone to start considering that they're the problem? He tries his best to banish the thought, but it hangs in the air around him for the rest of the evening.

Hannibal picked up on Will's unhappiness, and it's to be expected after experiencing yet another trauma. If he was feeling great, Hannibal would almost be more concerned, but there's something in Will's scent that makes him tilt his head in thought.

He can practically smell the self loathing coming off Will, his sour mood isn't due to the trauma, it's due to Will's belief that he is somehow the cause of it. Once Beverly and Jack leave, Hannibal sits closer to Will, placing a comforting hand on his thigh.

"None of this is your fault." He reassures the shaken man. Will sighs heavily at that.

"No? I feel like I'm a broken teacup that can't quite be put back together. So fragile that anything could shatter me to the point I'm no longer recognizable."

Hannibal swallows, carefully crafting his response. "I think now would be a good time to try some real age regression, to get you away from the darkness inside your head—at least for a bit."

Will looks down, conflicted. He wants to say no, that now isn't the time for him to pretend to be a kid, but he finds himself longing to just let it all go. Maybe this is how he can do it.

Hannibal instructs Will to lie back and close his eyes, then roll his eyes back for a few moments.

"You are now going deeper and deeper into your mind," Hannibal begins slowly and melodically. Soon, it's clear that Will is very relaxed, his breathing is even and his usually tense muscles have loosened considerably.

Will eyes have begun to tear up and he's licking his lips often. His eyes open and they're glazed, like they're open but he's not actually seeing what's in front of him.

Hannibal continues his hypnosis script, telling Will that he is not an adult, he's a child. Will nods his understanding.

"Will, what is your favorite thing to do?"

"Fishing… with my dad." Will responds groggily.

"That's good, Will. What do you like to do when you get home from school?" Hannibal asks.

"I really like to draw… and sometimes I like to go outside and look for bugs." Will answers, with a toothy grin.

Hannibal had assumed Will would have spent a lot of time outdoors as a child and he finds it easy to picture a much younger Will hunting for various insects in the backyard. He longs to see the man happy and carefree for a change.

Will Is less groggy now but seems have regressed. Hannibal is surprised at how easily it happened. In his experience it can take multiple sessions to get to this point, but he supposes someone might be more receptive when they've dealt with repeated trauma like Will.

"Can you tell me how old you are?" Hannibal asks.

"Six?" Will answers, though it sounds more like a question.

"Very good, Will!" Hannibal praises.

He watches Will, who is looking down at his clothes, with his face scrunched up in displeasure.

"I don't like these pants." Will whines. His sensory issues are more pronounced as a child since he does not have the same understanding of what he's feeling—it's one drawback of this regression.

Hannibal goes to his bedroom and procures a pair of softer sleep pants for Will, who grabs at them happily when he sees them. Will's hands go for his button and finds he cannot get it undone. He looks up at Hannibal, a frown on his face.

"Do you need help little one?" Hannibal asks softly.

Will nods and steps closer so Hannibal can undo the button. Once the button is out of the way, Will can do the rest. He pulls his new, softer pants up his legs and sighs happily at the feeling. Hannibal watches the man curiously as he moves to the coffee table, where Hannibal had set out some paper and crayons. Most kids do like to draw so he'd thought having them nearby was a safe bet.

Will plops down on the rug and picks up a crayon, beginning to scribble his name. Hannibal has always found the idea of age regression fascinating because when it's done correctly, so much of who the patient is changes. He's very pleased that it seems to have all happened so easily with Will.

If it were someone else, it would be tempting to use this time really dig into the patient's mind. As a doctor of psychiatry, the human mind has always been an interesting subject for Hannibal. The possibilities that lie within people's minds are endless. Hannibal is responsible for creating at least one serial killer by his unorthodox therapy already, and knows he has played a hand in getting Will to kill though he is not sure Will would kill indiscriminately if given the opportunity. There's still time for that, Hannibal reasons.

He sits on the couch, watching Will scribble on the paper. It's clear he's drawing a dog, though it does not appear to be one of his current ones. He's surprised it's not Winston especially, since he's there snoozing nearby. The dog in Will's picture is likely a childhood dog.

"Is that a picture of your dog?" Hannibal asks, kneeling down next to Will.

"Yup," Will responds, still distracted by coloring in the spots on the dog's fur.

“What’s their name?”

“Buddy!” Will exclaims with a smile, pushing the paper over to Hannibal.

“Oh this is a very good picture. Do you mind if I put it on the fridge?” Hannibal asks before taking the paper.

“Why?” Will asks, head cocked in confusion.

“It’s very nice, I’d like to look at it every day.”

Will’s eyebrows scrunch together at Hannibal’s words before he smiles. Hannibal supposes this is not something that occurred in Will’s childhood. Parents should encourage their children and it fills him with anger to know Will was so neglected, that even something as simple as putting a drawing on the fridge is novel to him.

Will follows eagerly to watch Hannibal put the drawing on the fridge, smile plastered on his face.

“My cheek really hurts,” Will whines, bringing his hand up to touch the bandaging there.

“I know, my dear. Let’s get some medicine for you.”

Hannibal disappears into the bathroom and brings out a bottle of grape flavored liquid Motrin. He pours out a larger dose than he’d give an actual child, since Will is an adult even if he doesn’t know that. Hannibal hands the cup to Will, telling him to drink it.

“Does it taste bad?” Will asks, looking down at the liquid.

“No, it’s grape flavored.”

Will shrugs, drinking the liquid. “Oh, that is good. Can I have more?”

“No, if you drink more it can make you sick, but it should make your cheek feel better.”

Will frowns but turns and walks away, back to the living area to his crayons. Hannibal follows, sitting on the couch watching Will draw something else, though this new piece just looks like a series of squiggly lines and shapes of all different colors. He is content to let Will be until he watches him begin to yawn and drop his crayon occasionally.

“Would you like to take a bath before we go to bed?” Hannibal suggests.

“No-no I don’t want to,” Will whines, distress evident on his face.

“Which part has you upset?” Hannibal questions.

“Bath. I don’t-I don’t like bath time.” Will whimpers.

“It will be okay, we will be fast. I promise.” Hannibal assures him, reaching for Will’s hand. Will looks at him distrustfully, but lets Hannibal take his hand anyway.

Once inside the bathroom, Hannibal starts the bath and puts bubbles into the warm water. Will sits on the closed toilet lid and watches.

“That stuff smells real good.” Will comments through a yawn.

“It’s eucalyptus spearmint,” Hannibal replies with a smile.

Once the bath is ready, Hannibal helps Will undress. He’s clinical in his ministrations, not wishing to sexualize Will in this moment, considering the man believes himself to be six years old. His William is beautiful, but Hannibal prides himself at being able to control any urges he might have. He is unbothered by the nudity and helps Will step into the bath.

Hannibal rolls up his sleeves and sits on the edge of the tub. Will relaxes into the bubbly water and groans in satisfaction. The warm water feels lovely on his aching muscles, though he can’t quite remember why he’s hurting.

“Ooh,” He sighs out when Hannibal begins to lather up his hair with some sweet smelling shampoo. “I like that.”

“I’m glad.” Hannibal replies, finishing with Will’s hair and moving to his body. “Would you like to wash yourself?”

“No… you can do it.” Will responds, so Hannibal does.

Once Will is sufficiently soaped up and ready to rinse off, Hannibal can sense a shift in the man’s mood. The tension is rolling off him in waves and his face is contorted in fear.

“It’s time to get you rinsed off.” Hannibal says gently.

“Please-please don’t,” Will whines.

“We have to get the soap off you.”

“I’ve been good, I’ve been so good. I don’t want to!” Will pleads.

Hannibal is at a loss, unsure what’s sparked this change in behavior. “How do you usually rinse off?”

Will’s eyes, now wet with tears, meet Hannibal’s. “My dad pushes me under the water. It-it burns my eyes and gets in my nose and I have to hold my breath.”

“Oh, Will. That’s not how we are going to rinse you off.” Hannibal assures him, showing Will the cup he is going to fill up and dump over him.

The tension leaves Will’s body when he sees he won’t have to go under water and lets Hannibal start rinsing him off. Hannibal tells him to close his eyes so he doesn’t get water in them and Will obeys. With Will clean and rinsed, they get him out of the tub and wrapped in a big, fluffy towel. Once he’s mostly dry, Hannibal gives him some pajamas to change into. Since they have no buttons, Will doesn’t need any help getting them on. By the time he’s

dressed, he’s dead on his feet, unable to say anything without yawning. Once he’s in bed, he’s asleep immediately.

Hannibal slides into bed next to him and watches him sleep. He will likely be his old self in the morning, but Hannibal hopes this experience will have provided him some relief. He can only begin to imagine the kind of distress a man like Will experiences on a day to day basis.

Chapter End Notes

It's not a Hannigram fic if Hannibal doesn't call Will mylimasis at least once.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will wakes up, first noticing how well rested he feels. He doesn't think he's ever felt the muscles in his back so relaxed. He remembers some of the night before, and finds himself a bit embarrassed at how easily he regressed. The memory of Hannibal caring for him so gently stirs some odd feelings in him, while Hannibal has been tender and gentle with him in the past, it doesn't compare to the way he was last night.

"I can tell you're awake." Hannibal says, looking at Will who reluctantly opens his eyes.

"I was just thinking how great I feel. I don't think I've ever slept so well." Will admits.

"I had hoped the therapeutic effect of regression would extend into the morning. I'm pleased to learn it has."

"Do you see me differently now?" Will asks, a slight frown on his face.

"I see you as someone incredibly resilient who has suffered a great deal. We've found a way to help you deal with your circumstances. You're still you." Hannibal reassures him.

Will accepts the answer and thinks of a way he can test it. Before he can talk himself out of it, he gets up and straddles Hannibal, kissing him fiercely. Hannibal immediately grips Will by the hips and kisses back, moaning into it. Through Hannibal's lust filled brain, he considers that Will is doing this to test him, and decides he might as well go along with it. He is certainly not complaining with a man like Will Graham kissing him.

Hannibal likes letting Will have his way, but he enjoys having his own way more. He flips them around so that he's pinning Will to the bed, his wrists above his head. He takes in Will's pink face, and kiss swollen lips and thinks he could cum just from the sight. The younger man is squirming now, lifting his hips up in search of friction.

"Patience," Hannibal chides, and Will stills.

Hannibal begins kissing down Will's neck, nipping at his earlobe, and sucking the skin where his neck and collarbone meet. He travels further, sucking on a nipple, eliciting a groan from Will who has resumed his squirming. Hannibal hooks into Will's sleep pants and pulls them down, revealing his cock, hard and leaking. Hannibal wants to take him in his mouth right then, but he doesn't, deciding instead to tease his boyfriend more.

He kisses and licks all around Will's cock, surely driving the man crazy with desire, but Will hasn't voiced what he wants and Hannibal loves the noises he's making. He licks a strip up Will's shaft and kisses the head of his cock. Will whimpers at the sensation.

"Do you need something?" Hannibal asks, feigning confusion.

“Please, Hannibal,” Will gasps out.

“Please what?”

“Please, fuck me,” Will breathes.

Hannibal is surprised at that, assuming Will would’ve asked him to use his mouth. But that is even better.

“Are you sure?” Hannibal confirms. Will nods frantically.

Hannibal grabs the lube from the nightstand and slicks up his finger then begins to massage the tight ring of muscle before inserting his finger up to the last knuckle.

Will groans, in a mix of pain and pleasure. Hannibal works his finger in and out slowly, massaging Will in the process to open him up. As Will relaxes around him, he hooks his finger in search of Will’s prostate. It only takes him a moment to find the bundle of nerves. Will’s sharp intake of breath when he glides over it the first time is like music to Hannibal’s ears. Hannibal continues to glide over it with varying pressure and he adds 2 more fingers, finally opening Will up enough.

“Are you ready?” Hannibal asks.

“Yes!” Will breathes out.

Hannibal uses the lube to slick his cock up, stroking it a few times while Will watches with lust blown pupils. And then, Hannibal is sinking inside. Will whimpers, the stretch causing pain. Once Hannibal is seated all the way inside, he stills, allowing Will to adjust to the feeling.

“Move, please,” Will begs.

Hannibal obliges, setting a slow pace.

“Fuck,” Will moans in pleasure, feeling Hannibal’s cock brush over his prostate repeatedly.

His cock is hard and forgotten between them, but it doesn’t seem to matter because Will is coming apart beautifully just from Hannibal’s cock inside him. Will groans with each thrust against his prostate but he begins to become frustrated. It’s not quite enough for him to reach orgasm. Hannibal watches him struggle, relishing in the desperation on his face.

Hannibal can feel his own orgasm rapidly approaching, so he brings his hand between them and strokes Will’s cock in time with his thrusts. That’s all it takes for Will’s orgasm to wash over him and splash their stomachs with his release. A moment later, Hannibal orgasms as well.

Their alarm clocks have not gone off, so they lie wrapped together after cleaning themselves up. Will’s face is resting against Hannibal’s chest, breathing in the man’s scent. Will has always found it calming, and soon he’s dozing off again. Hannibal stays awake, stroking

Will’s curls while he snores softly. In these moments, he thinks Will might have changed him just as much as he’s changed Will and he can’t find it in himself to be upset at the notion.

Though Hannibal finds pleasure in the domesticity, It’s been a while since he’s been hunting, and he thinks it’s about time to start again. The question is can he get Will to join him? To kill without reason? There’s a darkness in Will he wants to continue to bring out, and he thinks deep down Will is just like him. He just needs to prove it to him.

Chapter End Notes

I wasn't sure this was how I was going to end this story, but it felt good and leaves an opening for a continuation if I decide to go that route in the future.

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